MASK™
HOLIDAY SPECIAL
I'VE GOT JUST THE TEAM TO RUIN YOUR HOLIDAY... VENOM!
Malaysia $4.50.
75
RELAX, READERS! THE MEN OF MASK WILL ENSURE THAT MAYHEM'S PLANS ARE SPOILT!
MASK v VENOM... THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY!

WELCOME TO THE MASK HOLIDAY SPECIAL. WE'LL BEGIN WITH THIS FABULOUS PICTURE WHICH ORIGINALLY FORMED ONE OF MASK COMIC'S MOST POPULAR COVERS. TERRIFIC, ISN'T IT!
MASK

MASK™ HOLIDAY SPECIAL

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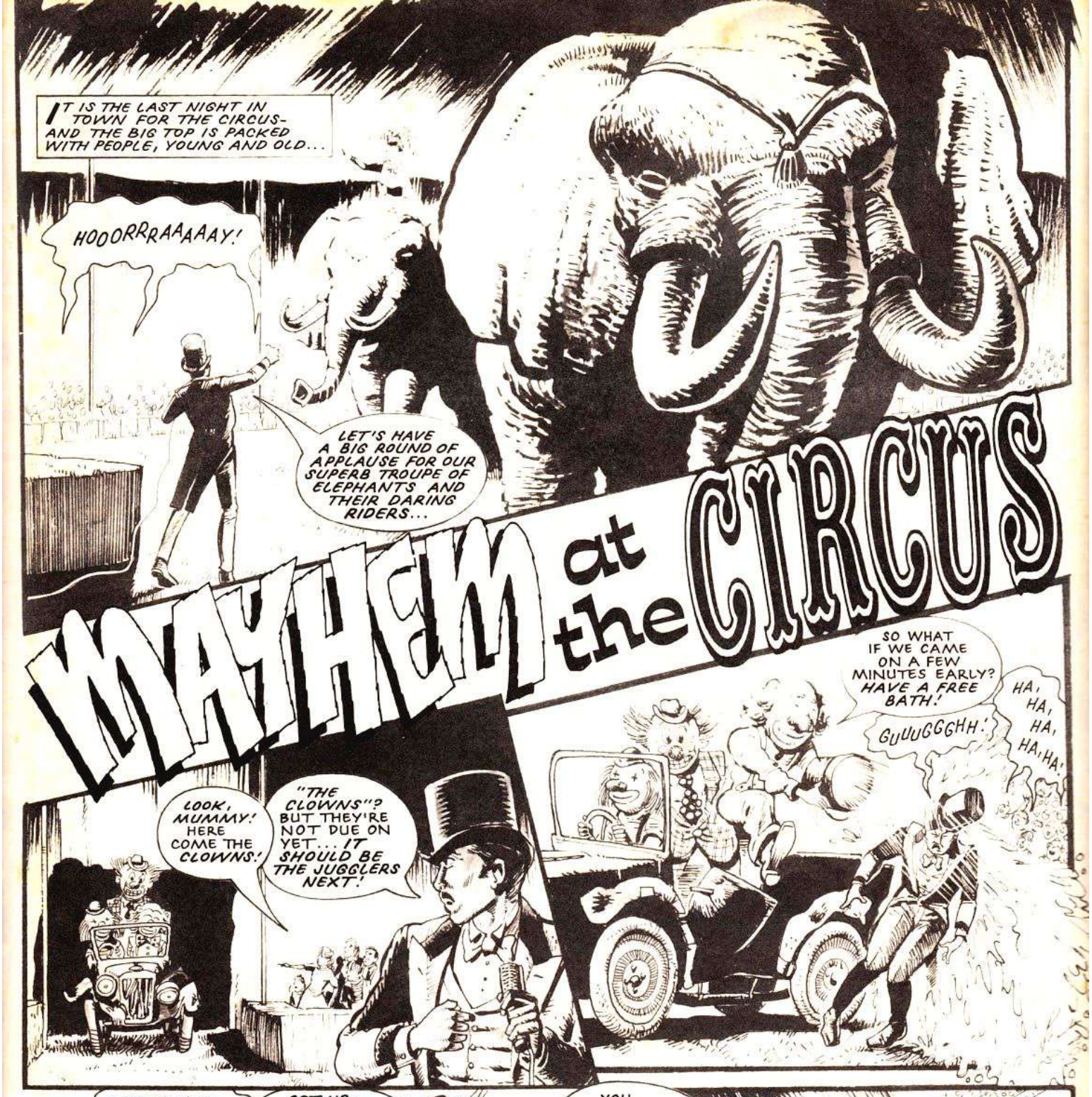
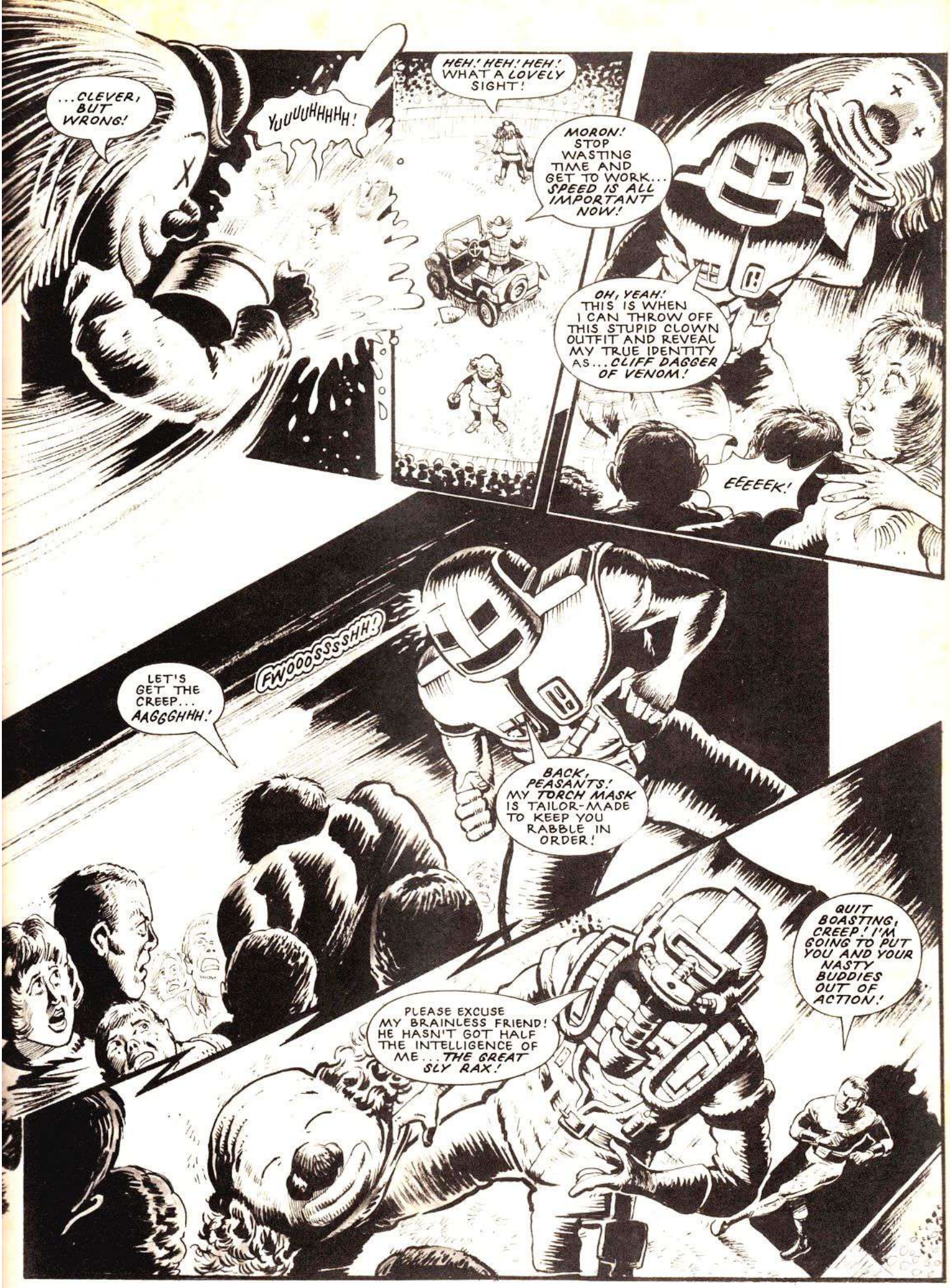
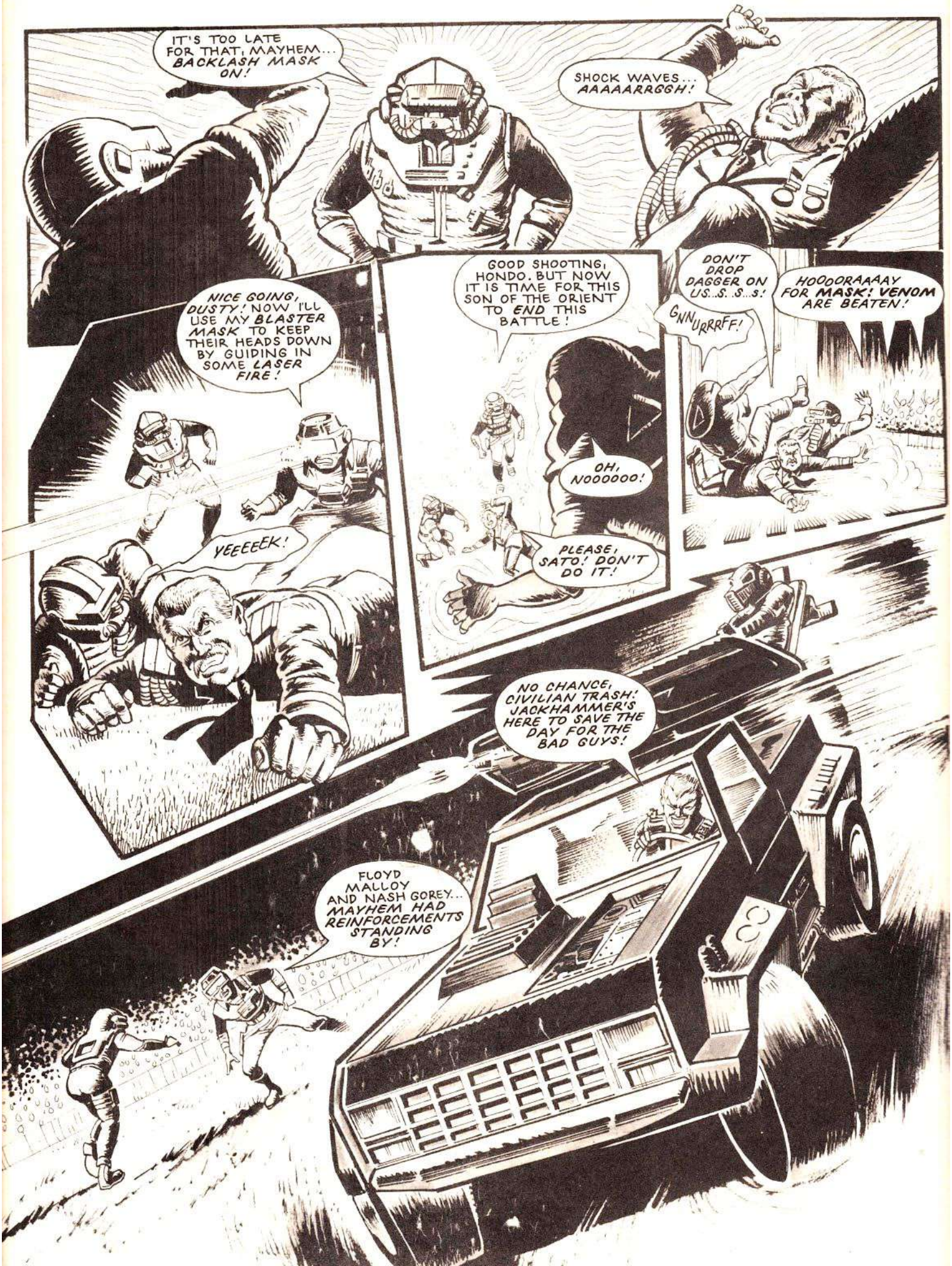
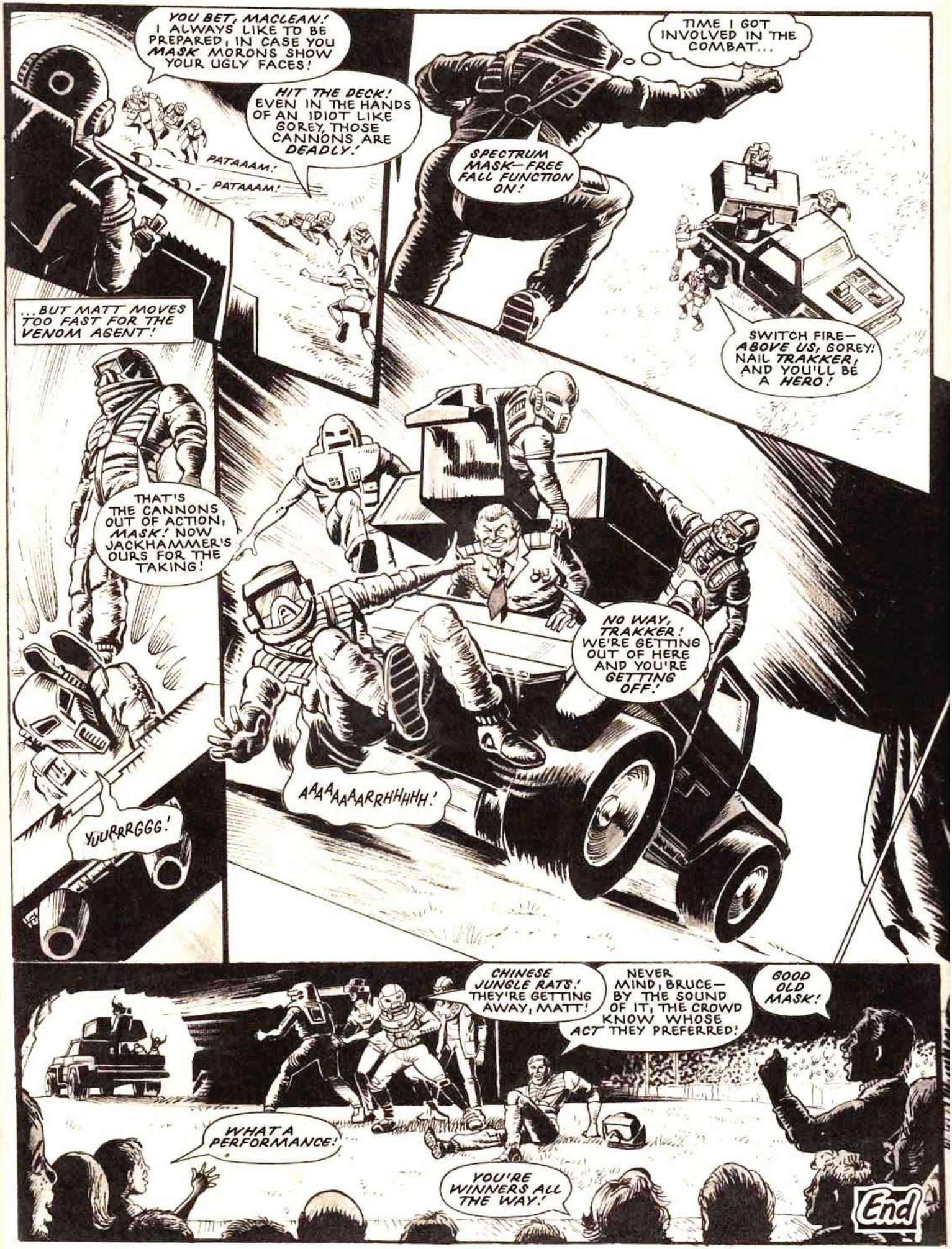

IT IS THE LAST NIGHT IN TOWN FOR THE CIRCUS- AND THE BIG TOP IS PACKED WITH PEOPLE, YOUNG AND OLD...
HOOORRRAAAAAY!
LET'S HAVE A BIG ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR OUR SUPERB TROUPE OF ELEPHANTS AND THEIR DARING RIDERS...
WAYHEM at the CIRCUS
LOOK, MUMMY! HERE COME THE CLOWNS!
"THE CLOWNS"? BUT THEY'RE NOT DUE ON YET... IT SHOULD BE THE JUGGLERS NEXT!
SO WHAT IF WE CAME ON A FEW MINUTES EARLY? HAVE A FREE BATH!
GUUUGGGHH!
HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!
OOOHHHHHH... GNNUUNKKK!
GET UP, IDIOT, AND STOP CLOWNING AROUND!
YOU DON'T FOOL US, MISTER CLOWN! WE KNOW THERE'S ONLY BITS OF PAPER IN THAT BUCKET!
REALLY? WHAT A CLEVER LITTLE BOY YOU ARE...


...CLEVER, BUT WRONG!
YUUUUHHHHH!
HEH! HEH! HEH! WHAT A LOVELY SIGHT!
MORON! STOP WASTING TIME AND GET TO WORK... SPEED IS ALL IMPORTANT NOW!
OH, YEAH! THIS IS WHEN I CAN THROW OFF THIS STUPID CLOWN OUTFIT AND REVEAL MY TRUE IDENTITY AS... CLIFF DAGGER OF VENOM!
EEEEEK!
FWOOOSSSSHH!
LET'S GET THE CREEP... AAGGGHHH!
BACK, PEASANTS! MY TORCH MASK IS TAILOR-MADE TO KEEP YOU RABBLE IN ORDER!
QUIT BOASTING, CREEP! I'M GOING TO PUT YOU AND YOUR NASTY BUDDIES OUT OF ACTION!
PLEASE EXCUSE MY BRAINLESS FRIEND! HE HASN'T GOT HALF THE INTELLIGENCE OF ME... THE GREAT SLY RAX!

NO WAY, MUSCLES! A FEW DARTS FROM MY STILETTO MASK ARE ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH EVEN A STRONGMAN!
YEEERRRK!
ATTENTION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS! THIS WHOLE SHOW HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY VENOM!
I RECOGNISE HIM! HE'S MILES MAYHEM... THE MOST EVIL MAN IN THE WORLD!
INDEED, YOUNG MAN! THANK YOU FOR THAT MARVELLOUS COMPLIMENT!
NOW, AS THIS IS OUR SHOW, I'VE DECIDED TO PUT UP THE ENTRY FEE... PLEASE START FILLING OUR BUCKETS!
YOU HEARD THE BOSS! THROW IN YOUR COINS, NOTES, WATCHES, JEWELLERY, WALLETS AND YOUR POCKET MONEY!
HEE! HEE! TEN OUT OF TEN FOR NASTINESS, DAGGER!
I'LL AGREE WITH THAT, MAYHEM! ROBBING CHILDREN IS ABOUT AS LOW AS YOU CAN GET!
TEN THOUSAND CURSES! IT'S THAT INTERFERING DO-GOODER... MATT TRAKKER!

MASK GOT WIND OF YOUR EVIL PLAN AND WE DECIDED TO SET A TRAP FOR YOU THREE CLOWNS!
"A TRAP"? HAA-HAAAA! I DON'T CALL ONE MASK MORON, ON HIS OWN, "A TRAP"!
I'M NOT ALONE! BRUCE SATO'S WITH ME... DISGUISED AS THE RINGMASTER!
SUFFERING SNAKES! GET HIM, YOU IDIOTS!
THAT THEY SHALL NOT DO, MAYHEM... LIFTER MASK ON!
YAAAH! PUT ME DOWN... FLYING MAKES ME AIR-SICK!
I ALSO BROUGHT ALEX SECTOR AND HIS JACKRABBIT MASK ALONG, FOR EXTRA BACK UP!
NUUUURRGG!
TOODLE PIP, OLD CHUM! I'LL TAKE ALL THAT LOT!
... NOT FORGETTING DUSTY HAYES AND HONDO MACLEAN!
GAAAAH! MORE ILLUSION FROM MASK... GET UP AND HIT THEM WITH YOUR STILETTO MASK, RAX!


IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT, MAYHEM... BACKLASH MASK ON!
SHOCK WAVES... AAAAARRGGH!
NICE GOING, DUSTY! NOW I'LL USE MY BLASTER MASK TO KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN BY GUIDING IN SOME LASER FIRE!
YEEEEEK!
GOOD SHOOTING, HONDO. BUT NOW IT IS TIME FOR THIS SON OF THE ORIENT TO END THIS BATTLE!
OH, NOOOOOO!
PLEASE, SATO! DON'T DO IT!
DON'T DROP DAGGER ON US..S..S..S!
GNNURRRFF!
HOOOORAAAAY FOR MASK! VENOM ARE BEATEN!
NO CHANCE, CIVILIAN TRASH! JACKHAMMER'S HERE TO SAVE THE DAY FOR THE BAD GUYS!
FLOYD MALLOY AND NASH GOREY... MAYHEM HAD REINFORCEMENTS STANDING BY!


YOU BET, MACLEAN! I ALWAYS LIKE TO BE PREPARED, IN CASE YOU MASK MORONS SHOW YOUR UGLY FACES!
HIT THE DECK! EVEN IN THE HANDS OF AN IDIOT LIKE GOREY, THOSE CANNONS ARE DEADLY!
PATAAAM!
PATAAAM!
TIME I GOT INVOLVED IN THE COMBAT...
SPECTRUM MASK—FREE FALL FUNCTION ON!
SWITCH FIRE—ABOVE US, GOREY! NAIL TRAKKER, AND YOU'LL BE A HERO!
...BUT MATT MOVES TOO FAST FOR THE VENOM AGENT!
THAT'S THE CANNONS OUT OF ACTION, MASK! NOW JACKHAMMER'S OURS FOR THE TAKING!
NO WAY, TRAKKER! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE AND YOU'RE GETTING OFF!
AAAAAAAARRHHHHH!
YUURRRGGG!
CHINESE JUNGLE RATS! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY, MATT!
NEVER MIND, BRUCE—BY THE SOUND OF IT, THE CROWD KNOW WHOSE ACT THEY PREFERRED!
GOOD OLD MASK!
WHAT A PERFORMANCE!
YOU'RE WINNERS ALL THE WAY!
End

MASKWORDS WORDSEARCH

The 20 MASKWORDS listed below are all hidden in the grid. Can you find them all? They may be hidden forwards, backwards, up, down or diagonally. We've given you a start by highlighting the words MASK and VENOM. Good hunting! (Solution on Page 39)

S	W	I	T	C	H	B	L	A	D	E	X	W
L	A	T	O	R	M	S	V	R	O	W	K	J
I	P	U	U	P	A	O	U	Q	A	Y	L	R
N	G	M	B	V	S	K	R	Z	L	V	N	H
G	A	U	J	C	K	B	K	M	C	T	E	I
S	N	W	A	A	B	C	N	E	C	S	K	N
H	X	Z	C	N	G	D	T	O	R	C	H	O
O	P	Y	K	T	A	X	N	E	F	J	U	N
T	O	E	R	N	T	D	H	R	I	V	R	A
A	Y	Z	A	X	O	A	E	F	V	E	R	C
S	Q	D	B	R	R	G	G	I	P	N	I	L
L	Z	K	B	J	N	G	P	G	H	O	C	O
M	A	I	I	I	R	E	R	I	P	M	A	V
F	R	C	T	S	R	R	G	H	I	D	N	E
B	Q	S	J	A	C	K	H	A	M	M	E	R

MASK
VENOM
SWITCHBLADE
SLINGSHOT
TRAKKER
TORCH
HURRICANE
IGUANA
VAMPIRE
DAGGER
VOLCANO
RHINO
GATOR
CONDOR
RAVEN
JACKRABBIT
JACKHAMMER
SATO
STINGER
VIPER

ILLUSION...

BULLDOZE, driven by Boris Bushkin, is MASK's powerful diesel truck – which converts to . . .

BULLDOZE

. . . An armoured half-track with rugged treads, jagged saw-blade tongue, twin machine guns, snow blizzard blasters and launching missile! Bushkin's COMRADE Mask shoots brilliant red stars to confuse the enemy.

...REALITY

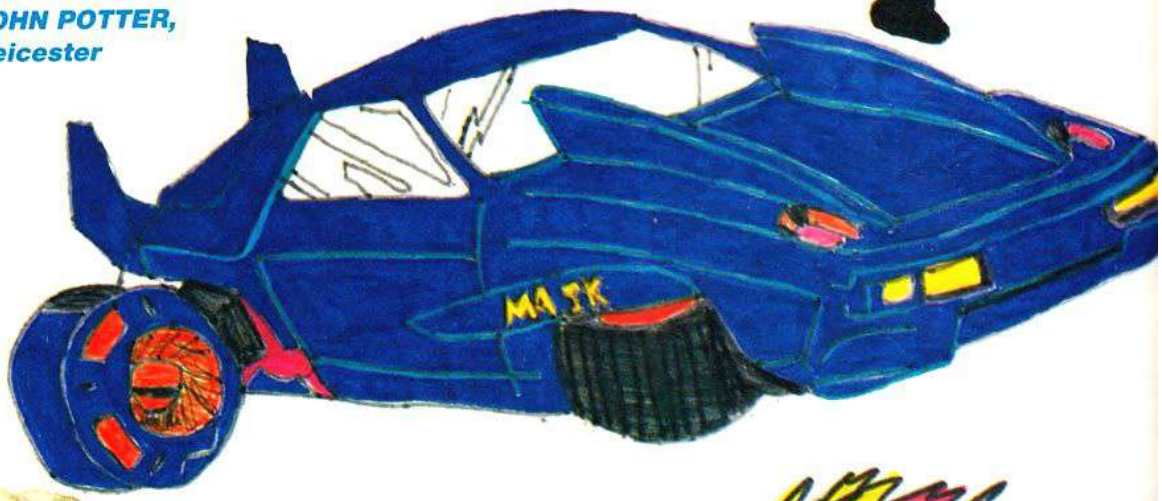
MASK Art

MASK ART is one of the most popular features in MASK's weekly comic. Here are some fine examples of drawings sent in by readers. . .

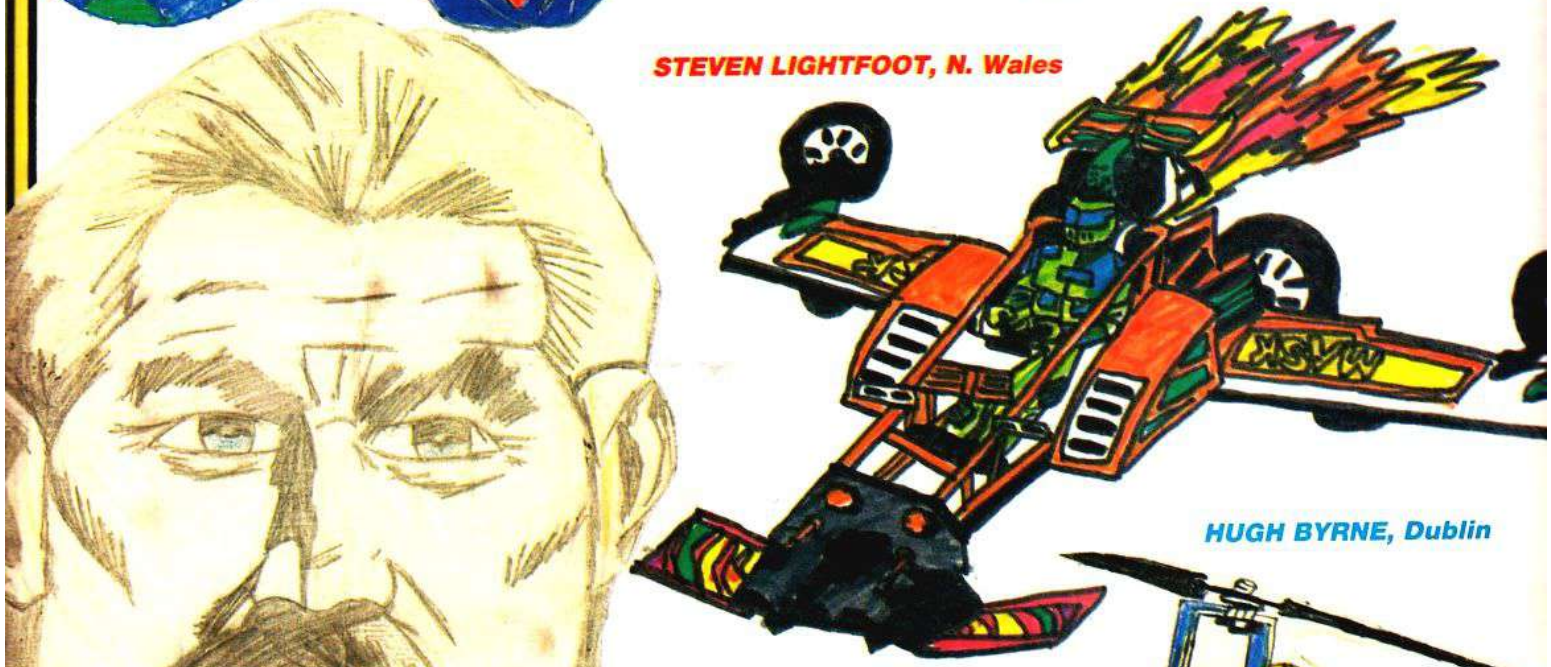
RICHARD BLACK, Hyde

TONY McKENNA, Glasgow

JOHN POTTER, Leicester



STEVEN LIGHTFOOT, N. Wales



HUGH BYRNE, Dublin

MASK READER, Mostyn

Each reader who has a drawing published wins £5. There's more MASK ART on page 44.

ILLUSION...

VENOM's MANTA is a sporty Nissan 300 ZX racing car – which converts to...

...A deadly assault plane with dual raked wings, an airfoil and some extremely sophisticated weaponry – including laser blasters, grille cannons and Trident missiles. In case of danger the assault plane is equipped with a quick escape seat that drops out of the passenger cabin. MANTA's pilot is the Queen of Espionage, VANESSA WARFIELD, with WHIP Mask, which shoots an electronic whip to snap at the enemy!

...REALITY

JUNGLE HEAT

THE midday sun was high in the sky, as the Land Rover trudged across the rough red ground of the East African plains.

"Only another two miles to go," said the guide, from the front of the vehicle. "When we reach camp we can rest."

"Can't be too soon for me," said Carl, wiping the sweat from his forehead and grinning at his father. "I could use a cold drink."

His father smiled back. The kid had done well. They had been on the photographic safari for three weeks – long hot days and cold nights, with none of the luxuries that both of them were accustomed to. Throughout it all his son had never complained. Quite the reverse in fact; he seemed to thrive on the rugged outdoor life.

"Nearly there!" The guide's voice was welcome, as both Carl and his father yawned. They had been up since four, taking photographs of the African sunrise. Now the prospect of a rest was appealing.

"We stay here for one day," the guide informed them. "Tomorrow we relax, then the day after we head into Lion Country."

"Lion Country!" Carl grinned and gave a thumbs up. They drove on in silence, looking forward to the break, not knowing they were heading straight into danger!

AMBUSH

"HERE they come!" VENOM henchman Cliff Dagger peered out through the layer of bush grass that hid his Jackhammer vehicle.

"All right, Dagger, no need to shout." Sly Rax, sitting in Jackhammer's cramped rear compartment, wiped his neck with a damp handkerchief. "Just make sure you're ready!"

Dagger grunted; they were going to attack an unarmed Land Rover with Jackhammer, one of the deadliest machines ever built. These were odds Dagger liked – he'd be ready!

The Land Rover drew nearer, the dust and grit from its wheels following like a cloud. It was nearly time... closer...closer..."NOW!"

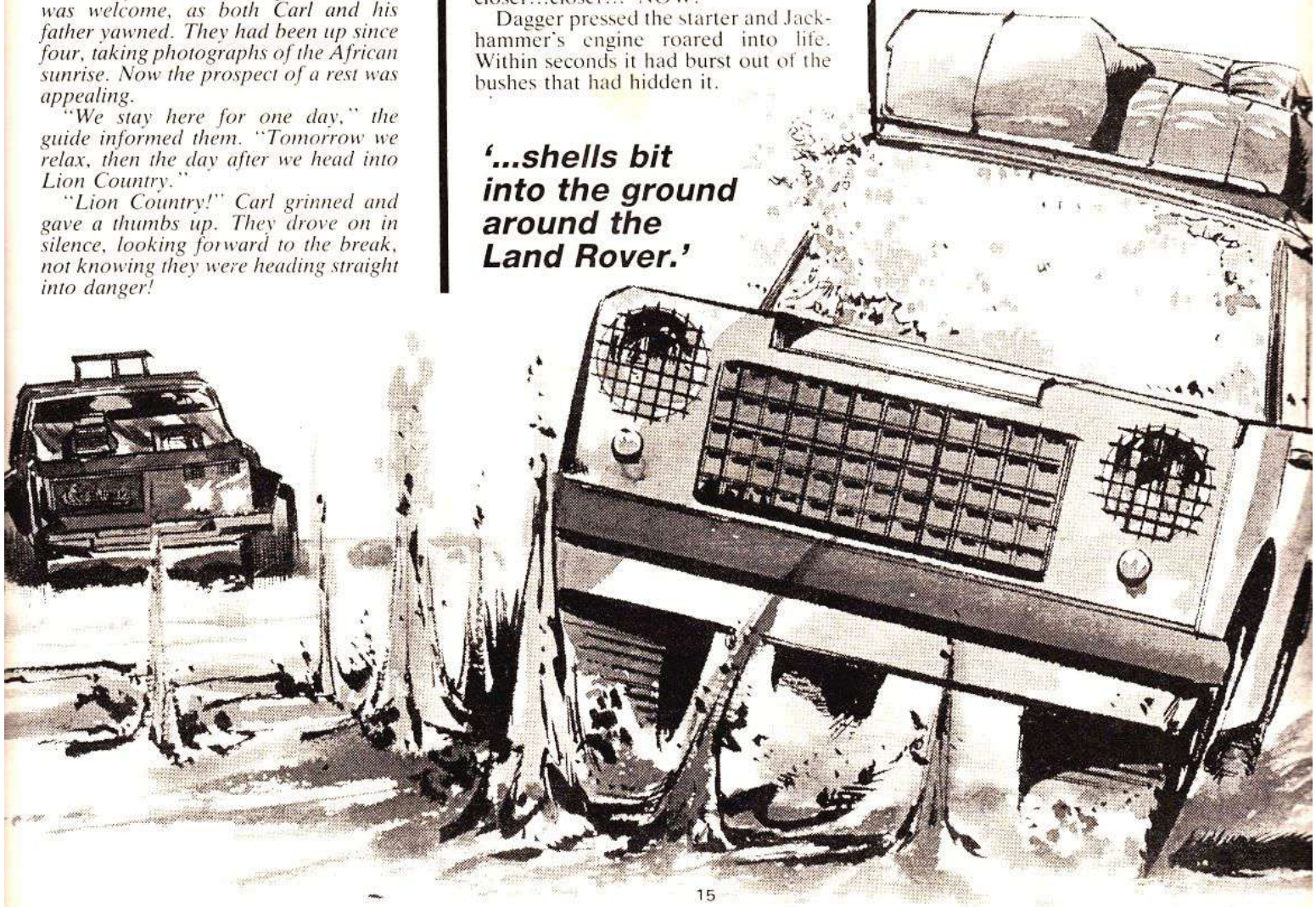
Dagger pressed the starter and Jackhammer's engine roared into life. Within seconds it had burst out of the bushes that had hidden it.

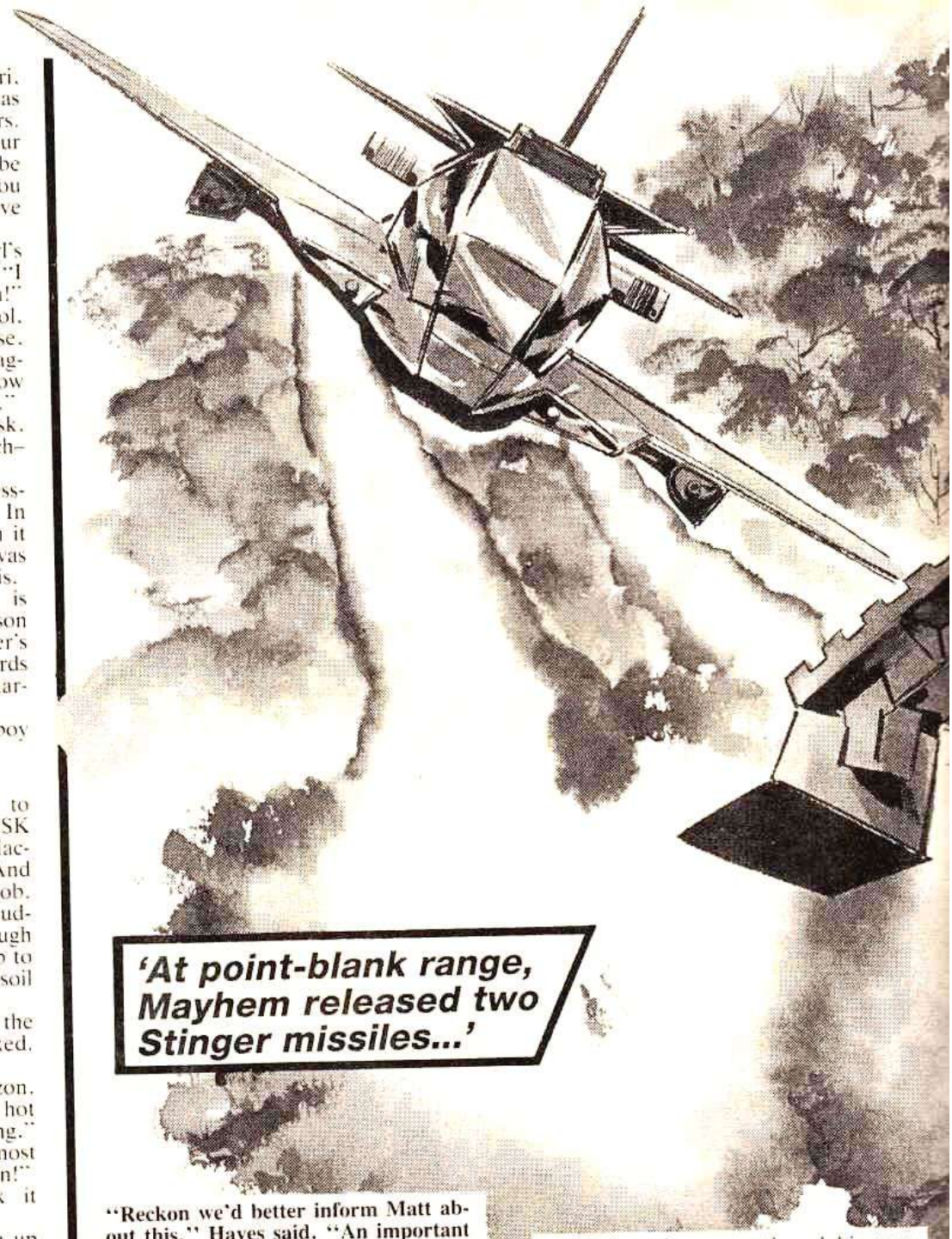
"Get a move on, Muddlehead!" The voice of Sly Rax yelled from behind, but Dagger's attention was on the Land Rover.

He could see it now, just ahead of them. Dagger pressed the accelerator to the floor and Jackhammer surged forward until they were level. The truck started to vibrate and Dagger could see the shells biting into the ground around the Land Rover. In the cab he caught sight of a boy's face, pale but defiant. The other vehicle would have to stop soon or...

Breathing a sigh of relief, Dagger saw the other vehicle pull back and stop. The battle was over – VENOM had won.

'...shells bit into the ground around the Land Rover.'





'At point-blank range, Mayhem released two Stinger missiles...'

"I'm sorry to interrupt your Safari, Dr Von Millen!" Miles Mayhem was standing in front of his prisoners. "Unfortunately I had no option. Your talents as a photographer may be impressive, but the world knows you as a great research chemist, and I have need of your services."

"You're wasting your time." Carl's father spoke slowly, and carefully. "I have no intention of working for you!"

Mayhem's voice was equally cool, although tinged with malice. "Please, don't be hasty. My associate, Mr Dagger, has a trick he would like to show you. Mr Dagger, the Land Rover..."

Dagger, wearing his Torch Mask, turned to the vehicle. "Torch–activate!"

Immediately a stream of compressed fire spurted towards the vehicle. In five seconds it was ablaze... in ten it had exploded... in fifteen there was nothing but a pile of smoking debris.

"As you can see, Mr Dagger is amazingly gifted. Perhaps your son would like a closer look at Dagger's mask..." Mayhem gestured towards Carl, who clenched his teeth and stared back. Carl's father shuddered.

"All right," he said. "Leave the boy alone. I'll do whatever you want!"

* * * * * *

The All-Africa Rally was due to take place in three weeks, and MASK agents, Dusty Hayes and Hondo Maclean were determined to win it. And they had just the machine for the job. Fresh from the workshop, where Buddie Hawks had given it a thorough overhaul, Firecracker was living up to its name, as it tore through the red soil of the African plains.

Suddenly, Maclean pointed into the distance. "See that?" he asked. "Seems mighty strange to me!"

There were two men on the horizon, walking bareheaded under the hot sun. "Funny place to go walking," Hayes muttered. "We're almost seventy kilometres from civilisation!"

Hondo nodded. "Let's check it out!"

Before long, Hayes was pulling up in front of the men. "You're a bit out of your way!" he said.

The men nodded, and one opened his mouth to speak.

"Could you use a drink?" Dusty tossed a canteen, which was caught gratefully.

"You must get help," the other said, while his companion was drinking. "We were ambushed ten kilometres from here. A man and his son were taken prisoner. We were abandoned – left to die in the heat!"

"Hey, wait a minute." Hayes could hardly believe his ears. "You're telling me there was a kidnap, out here, in the middle of nowhere?"

The two men nodded emphatically. "Dr Von Millen, and his son Carl."

Maclean and Hayes looked at each other in alarm. "Johann Von Millen? The research chemist?"

"That's him."

The Mask agents grew serious. "Reckon we'd better inform Matt about this," Hayes said. "An important guy like that goes missing, and it's a fair bet who's responsible – VENOM!"

* * * * * *

"I'm not sure what's going on," Carl whispered after he and his father had been released from Jackhammer. "But I don't like it!"

His father nodded. He was concerned as well, although he took comfort from the fact that they wanted him alive.

They had spent three hours cramped in the back of Jackhammer, while it was driven at speed over rough terrain. Now released, the two looked around. The plains had been left far behind, and they were in dense jungle. The late afternoon sun barely penetrated the thick, green foliage above.

"I hope you were comfortable in Jackhammer!" Mayhem's voice was cold and sarcastic. "Follow me and we will discuss the work ahead."

Mayhem began to thread his way through thick foliage and only at the last moment did Carl spot the concrete building hidden within.

"It took my associates three years to build this base," Mayhem told them. "You will be completely safe here."

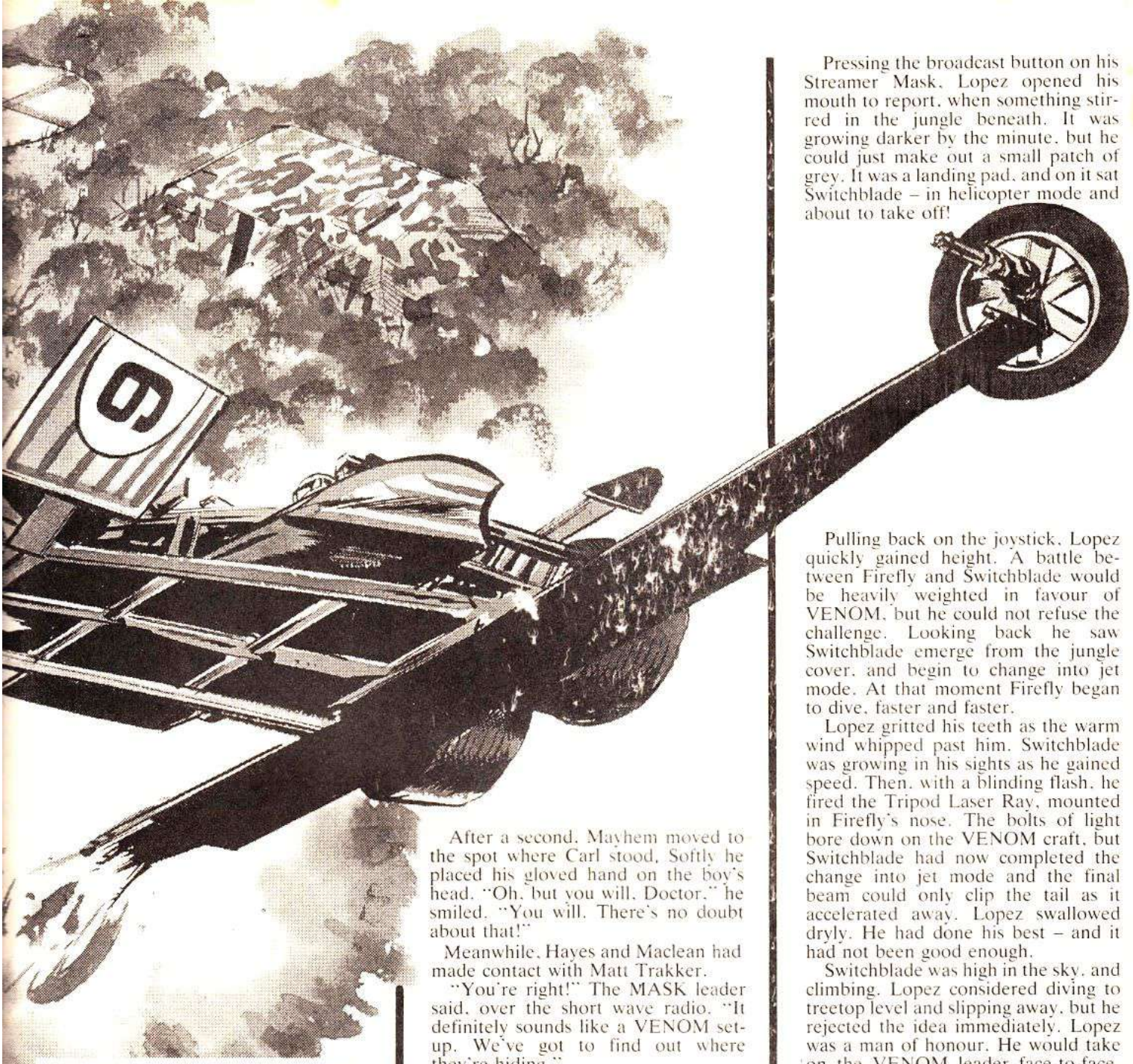
Carl's father grunted. Their safety was the last thing on Mayhem's mind – or rather it would be, as soon as he had got what he wanted.

Mayhem led them into the building, and to a room, fitted out as a laboratory. Advanced equipment stood on all sides, together with stocks of chemicals. It was an impressive display.

"No expense has been spared in providing everything necessary," Mayhem continued.

Carl's father nodded. Mayhem certainly knew his stuff. "Okay, what do you want from me?" he asked.

Mayhem gave an evil smile. "Tricate 490," he replied.



There was silence for a moment, then Carl's father shook his head. "No, no you *can't* – it's *impossible!*"

"On the contrary, it is very possible. You have created Tricate 490 before, and you will do it again!"

"But that was a mistake!"

"A mistake!" The VENOM leader shouted in horror. "You discover the *most effective poison ever*, and you call it a mistake!"

"It's too dangerous! One drop of Tricate 490 could kill millions of people! Just tip one gramme into a water supply and..."

"Yes, Doctor... please continue," grinned Mayhem.

Von Millen's jaw dropped. "You're mad, it would kill an entire nation."

"With such a threat..." A strange light shone in Mayhem's eyes. "...I could hold countries to ransom...the entire world, should I so desire!"

"No!" the doctor's voice was flat and final. "I won't work for you."

After a second, Mayhem moved to the spot where Carl stood. Softly he placed his gloved hand on the boy's head. "Oh, but you will, Doctor," he smiled. "You will. There's no doubt about that!"

Meanwhile, Hayes and Maclean had made contact with Matt Trakker.

"You're right!" The MASK leader said, over the short wave radio. "It definitely sounds like a VENOM set-up. We've got to find out where they're hiding."

"The plains are too obvious," said Hayes. "It must be somewhere in the jungle. But where do we start?"

"I'll be there by nightfall," Matt informed them. "In the meantime I'm despatching Julio Lopez to help you."

"Okay, Matt," Hayes sighed. "But it's gonna be a long job!"

BATTLE STATIONS!

AN HOUR later, Julio Lopez was skimming above the jungle in the MASK rocket glider, Firefly. There was little time – night was falling, and without special surveillance equipment he would be helpless once the sun went down.

Suddenly something caught his eye – a clearing that looked as if it had been hastily covered over. Lopez let his machine dive gently downwards. A lump rose in his throat. Chances were high that he had found the VENOM base!

Pressing the broadcast button on his Streamer Mask, Lopez opened his mouth to report, when something stirred in the jungle beneath. It was growing darker by the minute, but he could just make out a small patch of grey. It was a landing pad, and on it sat Switchblade – in helicopter mode and about to take off!

Pulling back on the joystick, Lopez quickly gained height. A battle between Firefly and Switchblade would be heavily weighted in favour of VENOM, but he could not refuse the challenge. Looking back he saw Switchblade emerge from the jungle cover, and begin to change into jet mode. At that moment Firefly began to dive, faster and faster.

Lopez gritted his teeth as the warm wind whipped past him. Switchblade was growing in his sights as he gained speed. Then, with a blinding flash, he fired the Tripod Laser Ray, mounted in Firefly's nose. The bolts of light bore down on the VENOM craft, but Switchblade had now completed the change into jet mode and the final beam could only clip the tail as it accelerated away. Lopez swallowed dryly. He had done his best – and it had not been good enough.

Switchblade was high in the sky, and climbing. Lopez considered diving to treetop level and slipping away, but he rejected the idea immediately. Lopez was a man of honour. He would take on the VENOM leader face-to-face. Nothing could be worse than running from a challenge.

Grim-faced behind his mask, Lopez altered course. Closing on Switchblade, he fired another burst of laser. Another hit, but this time Switchblade pulled back. Lopez tried to follow, but the VENOM craft was more powerful. It continued to climb at a steeper angle, until it was flying back on itself, and directly at Firefly. Then, at point-blank range, Mayhem released two Stinger missiles.

Firefly shook as the missiles bit into the starboard wing. The craft started to spin, faster and faster. Lopez could see the dark jungle beneath him growing closer with every breath. This was it. This was the end, and he had achieved nothing. The trees were right beneath him now, he could do no more to save himself. He, Julio Lopez, had failed, and would now pay the penalty.

"Take it easy, you've had a rough time, but you're all right." Lopez tried to focus, but his eyes would not obey him.

"What...where am I?" His voice sounded hoarse and weak.

"This is the VENOM base. My name is Von Millen. We are prisoners here."

Prisoners! The word woke something inside Lopez and steadily he felt his strength returning. He was in some sort of laboratory. Outside, the jungle was pitch black. He must have been unconscious for quite some time.

"Are you okay?" asked the doctor.

Lopez winced and grinned. "I've been known to feel better!" he joked.

"They said you'd been in a crash. I wondered..."

"You want to know if I'm friend or foe?" Lopez laughed. "Relax, amigo," he said. "I am Julio Lopez, a MASK Agent!"

There was relief on Von Millen's face.

"I was searching for you in my machine. Unfortunately I found Miles Mayhem first – or rather he found me!"

"MASK? They know about us?" Carl's voice this time.

"Yes, MASK knows, although not exactly where we are," replied Lopez.

At that moment, Miles Mayhem and Cliff Dagger entered the room. Neither wore their masks, but Lopez guessed it wasn't a social call.

"So, Lopez, you have rejoined the land of the living?"

"No thanks to you, Mayhem!"

"Silence!" The roar echoed around the laboratory. "Remember that you are alive only because I, Miles Mayhem, have allowed it." The VENOM leader moved across to Von Millen.

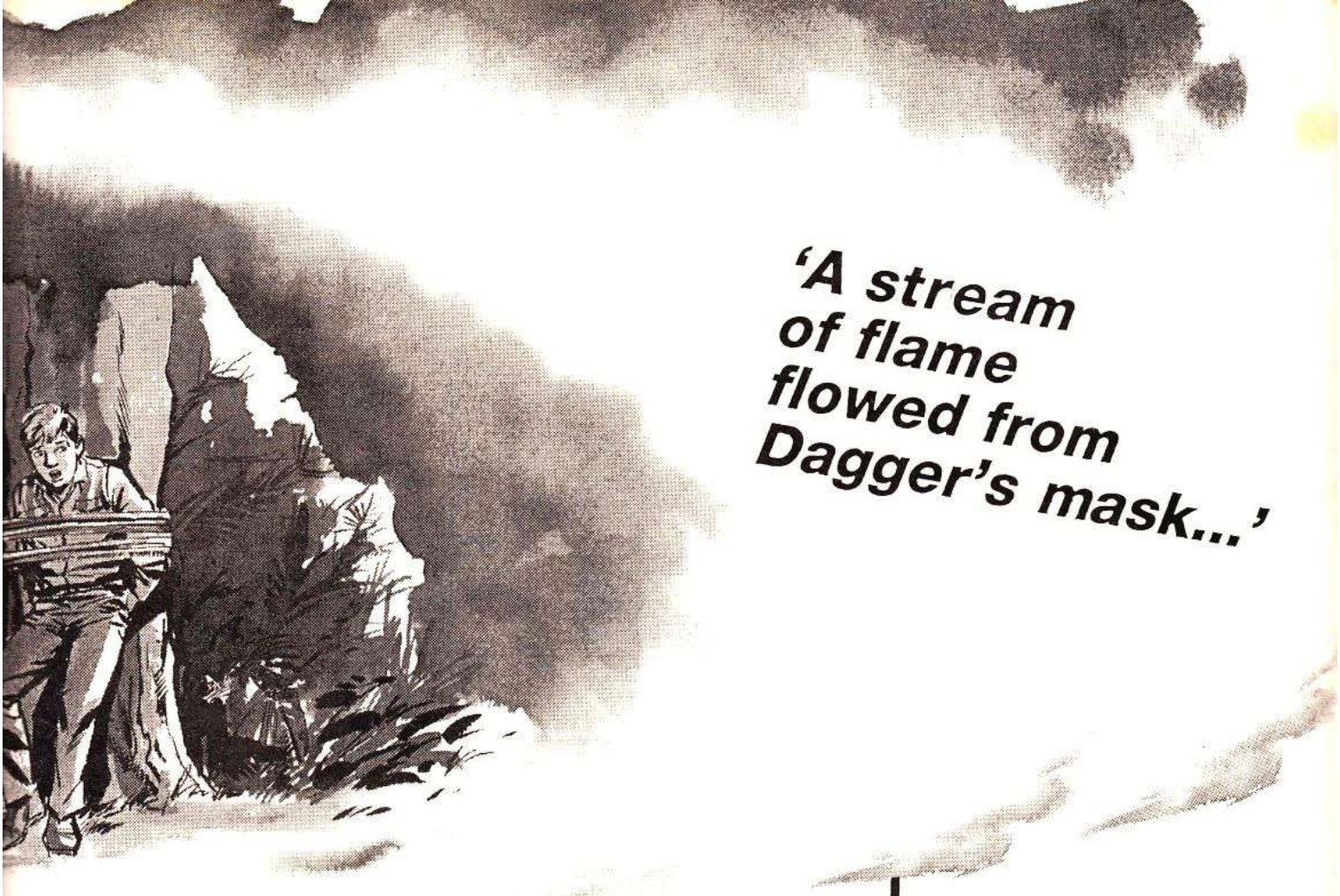
"And you, Doctor? How does the work go?"

Von Millen did not look round. "I have finished," he said.

"That is better than I expected. Where is the Tricate 490?"

"There is none. As I said, *I have finished.* I *won't* make the killer drug for you, or anyone else."

Mayhem stiffened. "I see! Then we will have to teach you a lesson!" He looked across to Dagger. "Take the boy," he said, pointing at Carl.



'A stream of flame flowed from Dagger's mask...'

FLAMES OF FEAR!

OUTSIDE the deep black of night was relieved only by the light from the laboratory windows. Mayhem indicated a large tree in front of him. "Tie him there, where his father can watch!"

Dagger obeyed, glancing back once, to see Von Millen standing by the window, held by a grinning Sly Rax.

"Okay, Boss." Dagger walked back.

"Then you know what to do."

Dagger paused before picking up his Torch Mask. This was not the sort of job he liked, but even he knew that only a brave man or a fool disobeyed Miles Mayhem. Placing the mask on his head, he turned towards the boy.

"Fire a burst to remind the good Doctor exactly what your Torch Mask can do!" ordered Mayhem.

A stream of flame flowed from Dagger's mask, smashing into the jungle a few metres from the boy.

Mayhem glared towards Von Millen. "Do we get any closer?"

The Doctor looked grim. He would have to give in to Mayhem. But then he saw something which made him hesitate.

Fire!

It was behind his son, presumably started by Dagger's Torch Mask. Mayhem had spotted it as well.

"You fool, Dagger, you've set the jungle alight!" he screamed hysterically.

Dagger removed his mask and scratched his head. "Gee, Boss, I..."

"Don't stand there talking - put it out!"

Sly Rax ran to help and between them the VENOM agents made clumsy attempts to deal with the fire. But even under Miles Mayhem's stern direction they failed hopelessly. Carl, released from his bonds, joined his father.

The boy smiled. "You shouldn't have worried," he said. "It would take more than a lick of flame to scare me!"

"Unfortunately that's just what we're going to get!" Julio Lopez was now standing, if a little shakily. "When that fire spreads, we'll be in real trouble!"

"But surely we're safe here?" said Von Millen.

"A jungle fire can leap as high as thirty feet," Lopez said.

"Should we help them?" Young Carl's voice was calm.

Lopez shook his head. "It would take a hundred men to combat that." They turned and looked again. Even in a short time, the fire had grown tremendously. "Better stay here and see what happens."

"What about MASK?" asked Von Millen. "Can we expect help from them?"

"They'll come - if it's possible," said Lopez softly, hoping that none of them could read the doubt in his mind.

"Wouldn't it be better if we made a run for it?"

"Where would we run to? The jungle at night is deadly. The fire will have panicked wild animals for miles around. We'd be better to wait here - and hope."

"Sounds like excellent advice!" They turned to see Miles Mayhem standing by the door, holding his Viper Mask. Heat from the fire had made his face red and swollen.

"I've spent enough time and trouble on this project," he continued. "I'm tired of it. My associates and I will be leaving while our vehicles are still operative." He turned to go.

"Oh, there's one thing you should know." They listened in silence. "There are three fuel storage tanks under this building. They should be about half full. Goodbye!"

Ten minutes later the heat was intense. On one side the flames licked at the windows, and the fire was barely twenty feet away on the other. Any rescue attempt would have to come soon, or they would be dead.

"Do you think Mayhem was bluffing about the fuel store?" asked Carl.

Lopez tried to sound cheerful: "You can never tell with that madman - lies, or the truth: they all sound the same coming from him! As your father said, we just have to wait - and hope."

Carl walked over to the window. Even inside, the heat from the fire was uncomfortable. Rescue was surely impossible.

Then he saw Rhino.

Towering high above the burning bushes, the massive rig powered its way through the jungle, with Matt Trakker at the wheel.

"It's MASK! They've come!" Carl's voice broke with excitement and relief. Lopez and Von Millen raced to the window.

"Okay, we're going to have to run for it," said Lopez, making for the door. "They can't stay there for long! Come on!"

Outside, the fire roared. "Make for the sleeper cab," Lopez yelled, pointing to the open door where Alex Sector was standing, waiting to pull them in. "Now!"

The three ran through the smoulder ing undergrowth that would be in flames within seconds. Reaching up, Carl felt himself lifted into the safety of Rhino.

"All in!" Trakker's voice was cool and confident, as he steered the truck through the burning jungle. "VENOM couldn't have known what a good beacon this fire made. We found you easily!"

"Mayhem's been up to his old tricks!" said Lopez. "He even made up some nonsense about fuel storage tanks to get us worried."

Carl grinned before being knocked to the floor, as the jungle shook to a tremendous explosion.

The verandah of the High Trees Hotel looked out across the fabulous landscape of untamed jungle. Carl sat with his father, watching the sun set on the day that had so very nearly been their last.

"I knew this holiday would be exciting," said Carl. "But I never dreamt of being involved in a VENOM plot!"

His father smiled, thinking about the brave men of MASK who had won their freedom, and were now risking their lives once again in an effort to extinguish the jungle fire. Even after the explosion that had almost destroyed Rhino, they stayed calm and competent.

"I'm looking forward to tomorrow!"

Von Millen looked at his son. "Tomorrow?"

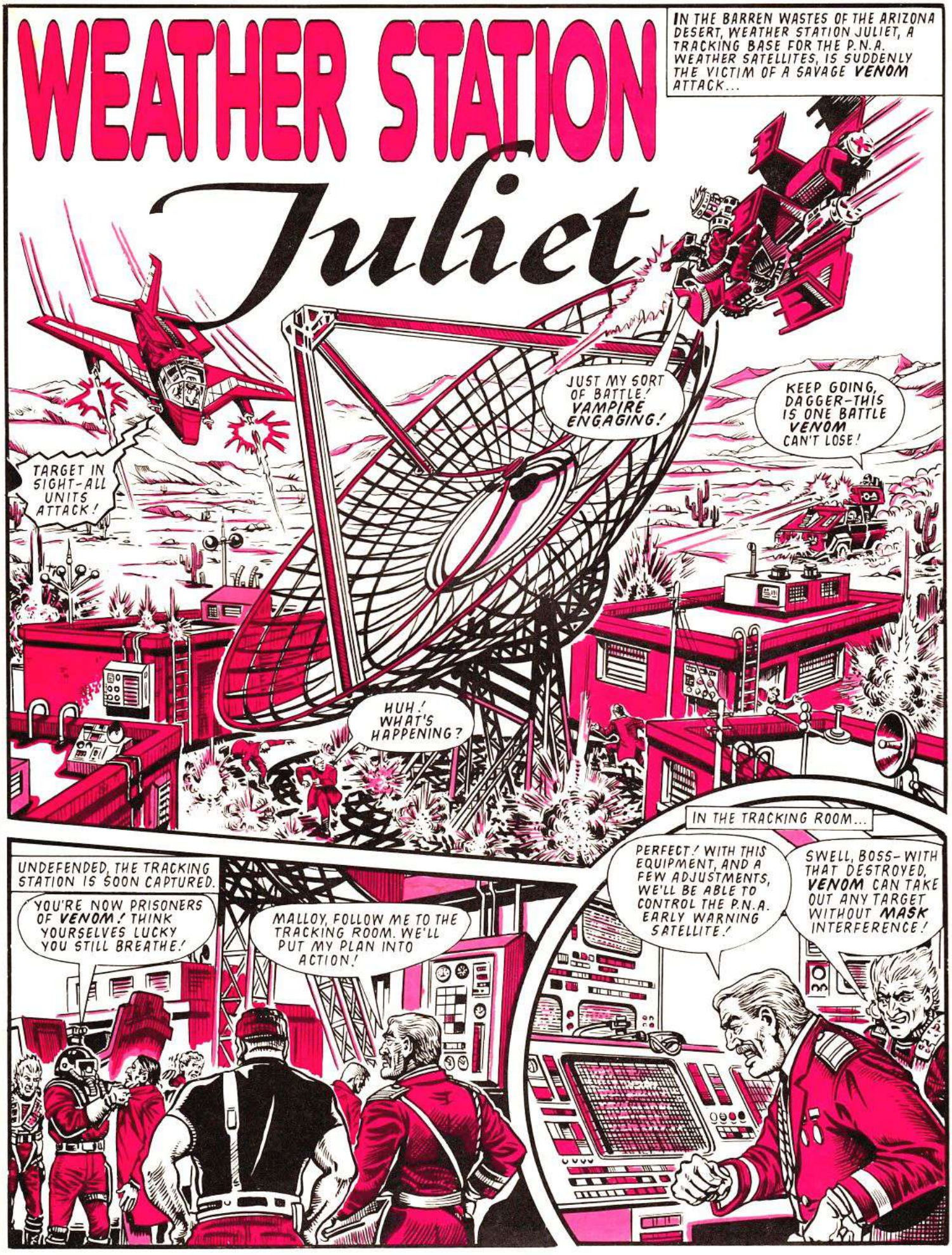
"Don't you remember?" Carl grinned. "You promised we would take a look at Lion country!"

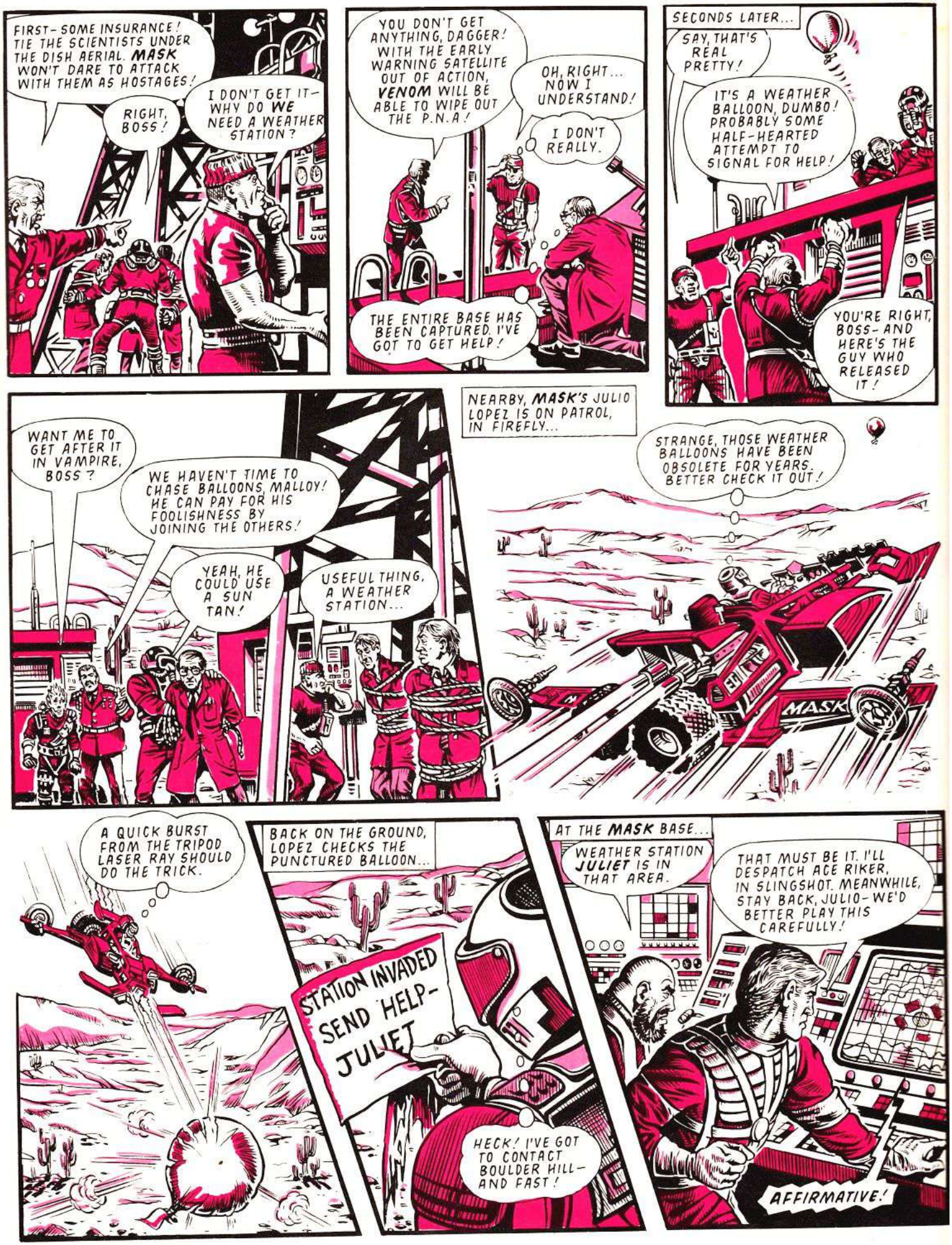
SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

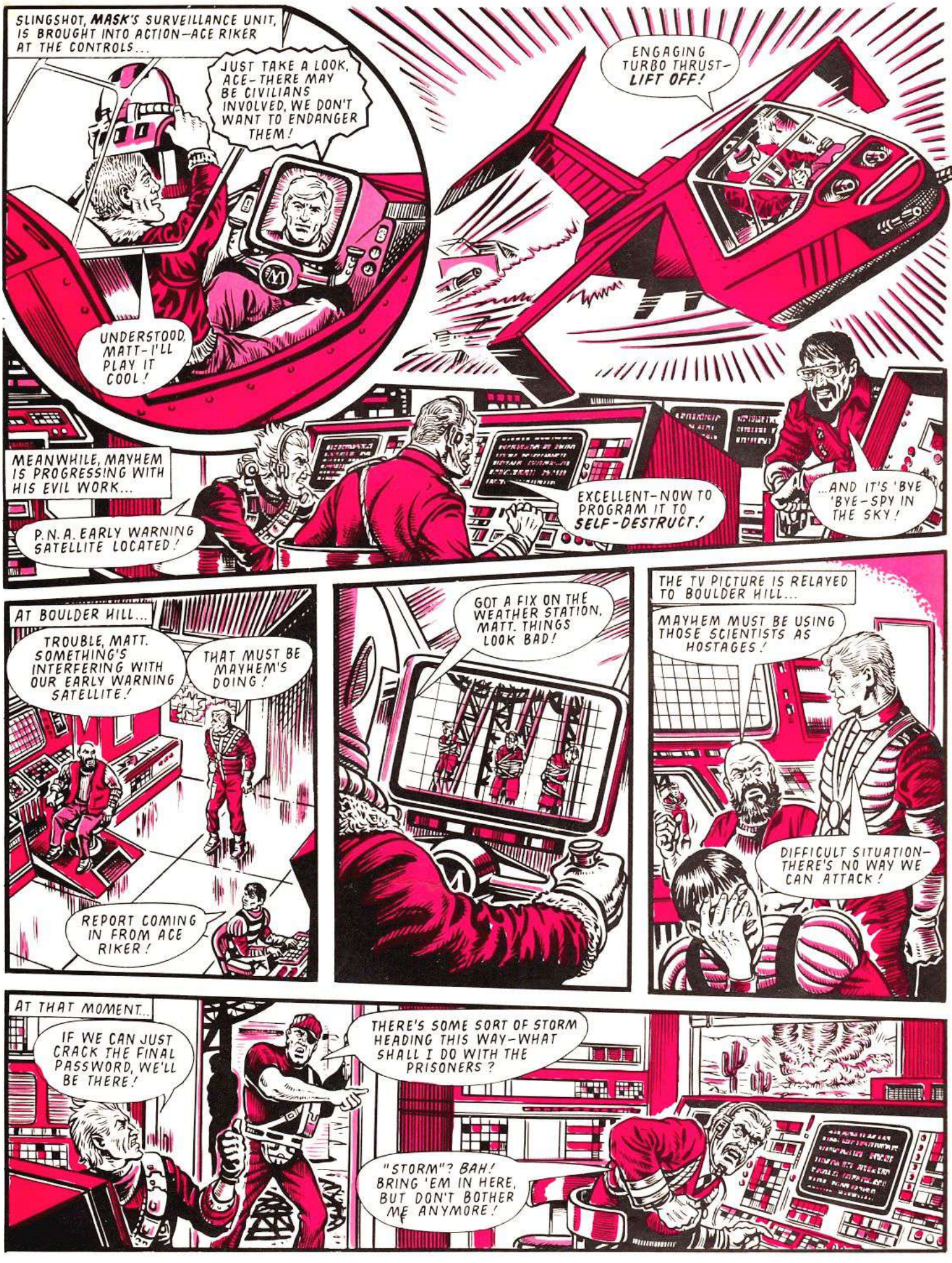
HOSE
VIL
GENTS
F VENOM
AVE MADE
EN SUBTLE
LTERATIONS TO
HE PICTURE ON THE
EXT PAGE. SEE IF YOU
AN SPOT THEM. . .

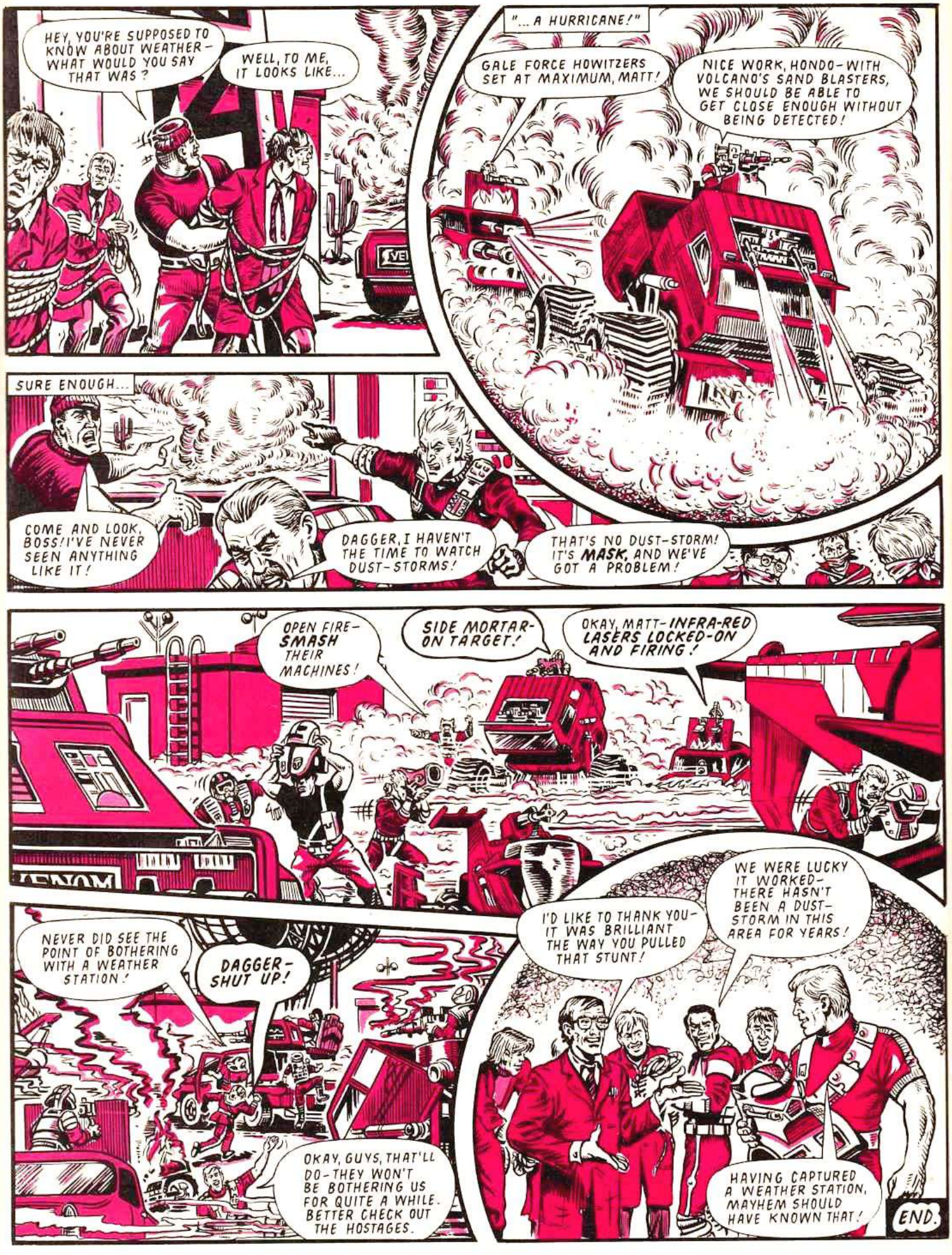
SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

ANSWERS ON PAGE 39


WEATHER STATION Juliet
IN THE BARREN WASTES OF THE ARIZONA DESERT, WEATHER STATION JULIET, A TRACKING BASE FOR THE P.N.A. WEATHER SATELLITES, IS SUDDENLY THE VICTIM OF A SAVAGE VENOM ATTACK...
TARGET IN SIGHT-ALL UNITS ATTACK!
JUST MY SORT OF BATTLE! VAMPIRE ENGAGING!
KEEP GOING, DAGGER-THIS IS ONE BATTLE VENOM CAN'T LOSE!
HUH! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
IN THE TRACKING ROOM...
PERFECT! WITH THIS EQUIPMENT, AND A FEW ADJUSTMENTS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO CONTROL THE P.N.A. EARLY WARNING SATELLITE!
SWELL, BOSS- WITH THAT DESTROYED, VENOM CAN TAKE OUT ANY TARGET WITHOUT MASK INTERFERENCE!
UNDEFENDED, THE TRACKING STATION IS SOON CAPTURED.
YOU'RE NOW PRISONERS OF VENOM! THINK YOURSELVES LUCKY YOU STILL BREATHE!
MALLOY, FOLLOW ME TO THE TRACKING ROOM. WE'LL PUT MY PLAN INTO ACTION!

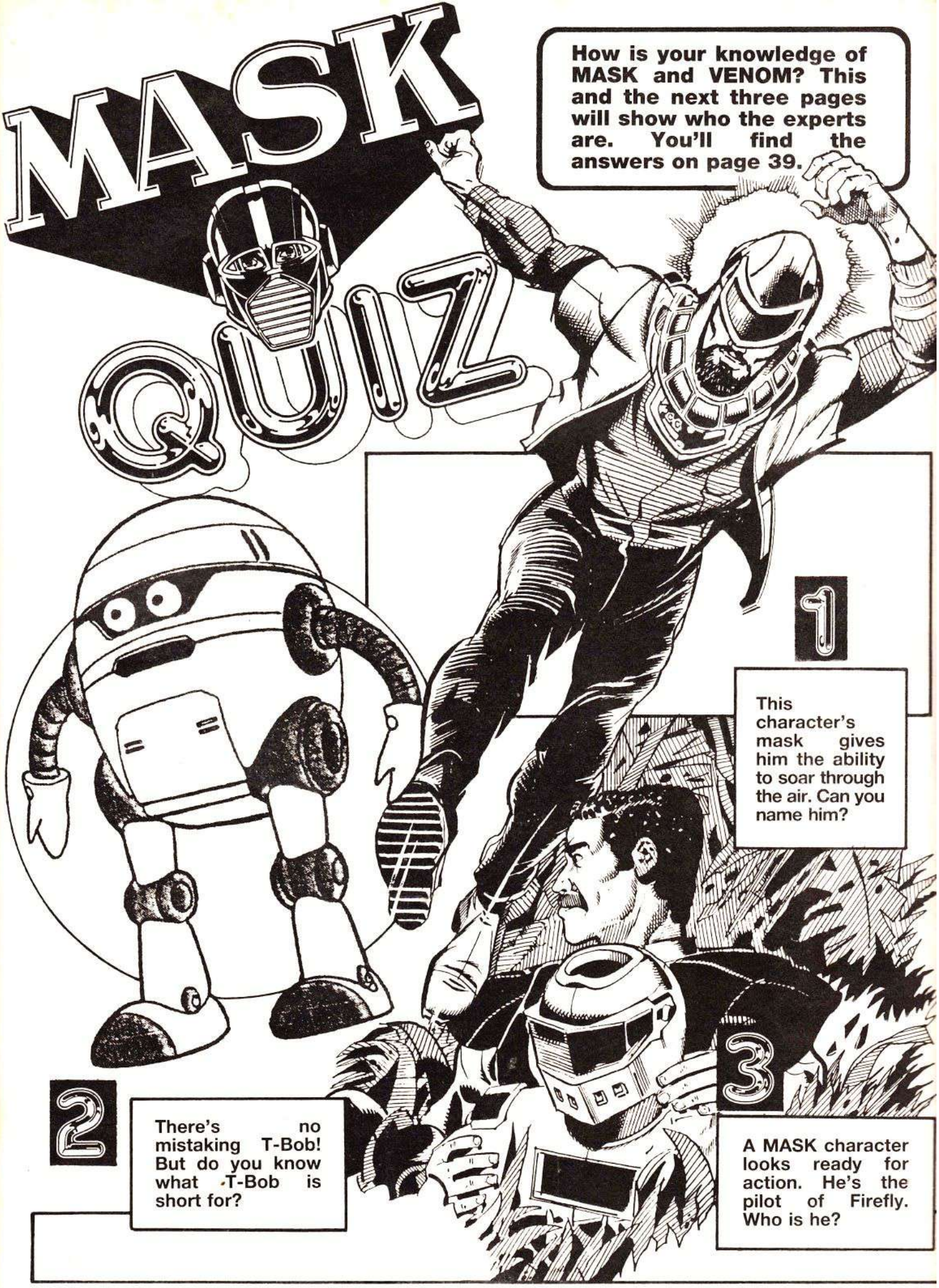

FIRST- SOME INSURANCE! TIE THE SCIENTISTS UNDER THE DISH AERIAL. MASK WON'T DARE TO ATTACK WITH THEM AS HOSTAGES!
RIGHT, BOSS!
I DON'T GET IT- WHY DO WE NEED A WEATHER STATION?
YOU DON'T GET ANYTHING, DAGGER! WITH THE EARLY WARNING SATELLITE OUT OF ACTION, VENOM WILL BE ABLE TO WIPE OUT THE P.N.A!
OH, RIGHT... NOW I UNDERSTAND!
I DON'T REALLY.
THE ENTIRE BASE HAS BEEN CAPTURED. I'VE GOT TO GET HELP!
SECONDS LATER...
SAY, THAT'S REAL PRETTY!
IT'S A WEATHER BALLOON, DUMBO! PROBABLY SOME HALF-HEARTED ATTEMPT TO SIGNAL FOR HELP!
YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS- AND HERE'S THE GUY WHO RELEASED IT!
WANT ME TO GET AFTER IT IN VAMPIRE, BOSS?
WE HAVEN'T TIME TO CHASE BALLOONS, MALLOY! HE CAN PAY FOR HIS FOOLISHNESS BY JOINING THE OTHERS!
YEAH, HE COULD USE A SUN TAN!
USEFUL THING, A WEATHER STATION...
NEARBY, MASK'S JULIO LOPEZ IS ON PATROL, IN FIREFLY...
STRANGE, THOSE WEATHER BALLOONS HAVE BEEN OBSOLETE FOR YEARS. BETTER CHECK IT OUT!
MASK
A QUICK BURST FROM THE TRIPOD LASER RAY SHOULD DO THE TRICK.
BACK ON THE GROUND, LOPEZ CHECKS THE PUNCTURED BALLOON...
STATION INVADED SEND HELP- JULIET
HECK! I'VE GOT TO CONTACT BOULDER HILL- AND FAST!
AT THE MASK BASE...
WEATHER STATION JULIET IS IN THAT AREA.
THAT MUST BE IT. I'LL DESPATCH ACE RIKER, IN SLINGSHOT. MEANWHILE, STAY BACK, JULIO- WE'D BETTER PLAY THIS CAREFULLY!
AFFIRMATIVE!


SLINGSHOT, MASK'S SURVEILLANCE UNIT, IS BROUGHT INTO ACTION—ACE RIKER AT THE CONTROLS...
JUST TAKE A LOOK, ACE—THERE MAY BE CIVILIANS INVOLVED, WE DON'T WANT TO ENDANGER THEM!
UNDERSTOOD, MATT—I'LL PLAY IT COOL!
ENGAGING TURBO THRUST—LIFT OFF!
MEANWHILE, MAYHEM IS PROGRESSING WITH HIS EVIL WORK...
P.N.A. EARLY WARNING SATELLITE LOCATED!
EXCELLENT—NOW TO PROGRAM IT TO SELF-DESTRUCT!
...AND IT'S 'BYE 'BYE—SPY IN THE SKY!
AT BOULDER HILL...
TROUBLE, MATT. SOMETHING'S INTERFERING WITH OUR EARLY WARNING SATELLITE!
THAT MUST BE MAYHEM'S DOING!
REPORT COMING IN FROM ACE RIKER!
GOT A FIX ON THE WEATHER STATION, MATT. THINGS LOOK BAD!
THE TV PICTURE IS RELAYED TO BOULDER HILL...
MAYHEM MUST BE USING THOSE SCIENTISTS AS HOSTAGES!
DIFFICULT SITUATION—THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN ATTACK!
AT THAT MOMENT...
IF WE CAN JUST CRACK THE FINAL PASSWORD, WE'LL BE THERE!
THERE'S SOME SORT OF STORM HEADING THIS WAY—WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THE PRISONERS?
"STORM"? BAH! BRING 'EM IN HERE, BUT DON'T BOTHER ME ANYMORE!


HEY, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KNOW ABOUT WEATHER— WHAT WOULD YOU SAY THAT WAS?
WELL, TO ME, IT LOOKS LIKE...
"... A HURRICANE!"
GALE FORCE HOWITZERS SET AT MAXIMUM, MATT!
NICE WORK, HONDO—WITH VOLCANO'S SAND BLASTERS, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH WITHOUT BEING DETECTED!
SURE ENOUGH...
COME AND LOOK, BOSS! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!
DAGGER, I HAVEN'T THE TIME TO WATCH DUST-STORMS!
THAT'S NO DUST-STORM! IT'S MASK, AND WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM!
OPEN FIRE— SMASH THEIR MACHINES!
SIDE MORTAR— ON TARGET!
OKAY, MATT— INFRA-RED LASERS LOCKED-ON AND FIRING!
NEVER DID SEE THE POINT OF BOTHERING WITH A WEATHER STATION!
DAGGER— SHUT UP!
OKAY, GUYS, THAT'LL DO— THEY WON'T BE BOTHERING US FOR QUITE A WHILE. BETTER CHECK OUT THE HOSTAGES.
I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU— IT WAS BRILLIANT THE WAY YOU PULLED THAT STUNT!
WE WERE LUCKY IT WORKED— THERE HASN'T BEEN A DUST-STORM IN THIS AREA FOR YEARS!
HAVING CAPTURED A WEATHER STATION, MAYHEM SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT!
END.

MASK QUIZ

How is your knowledge of MASK and VENOM? This and the next three pages will show who the experts are. You'll find the answers on page 39.



1

This character's mask gives him the ability to soar through the air. Can you name him?

2

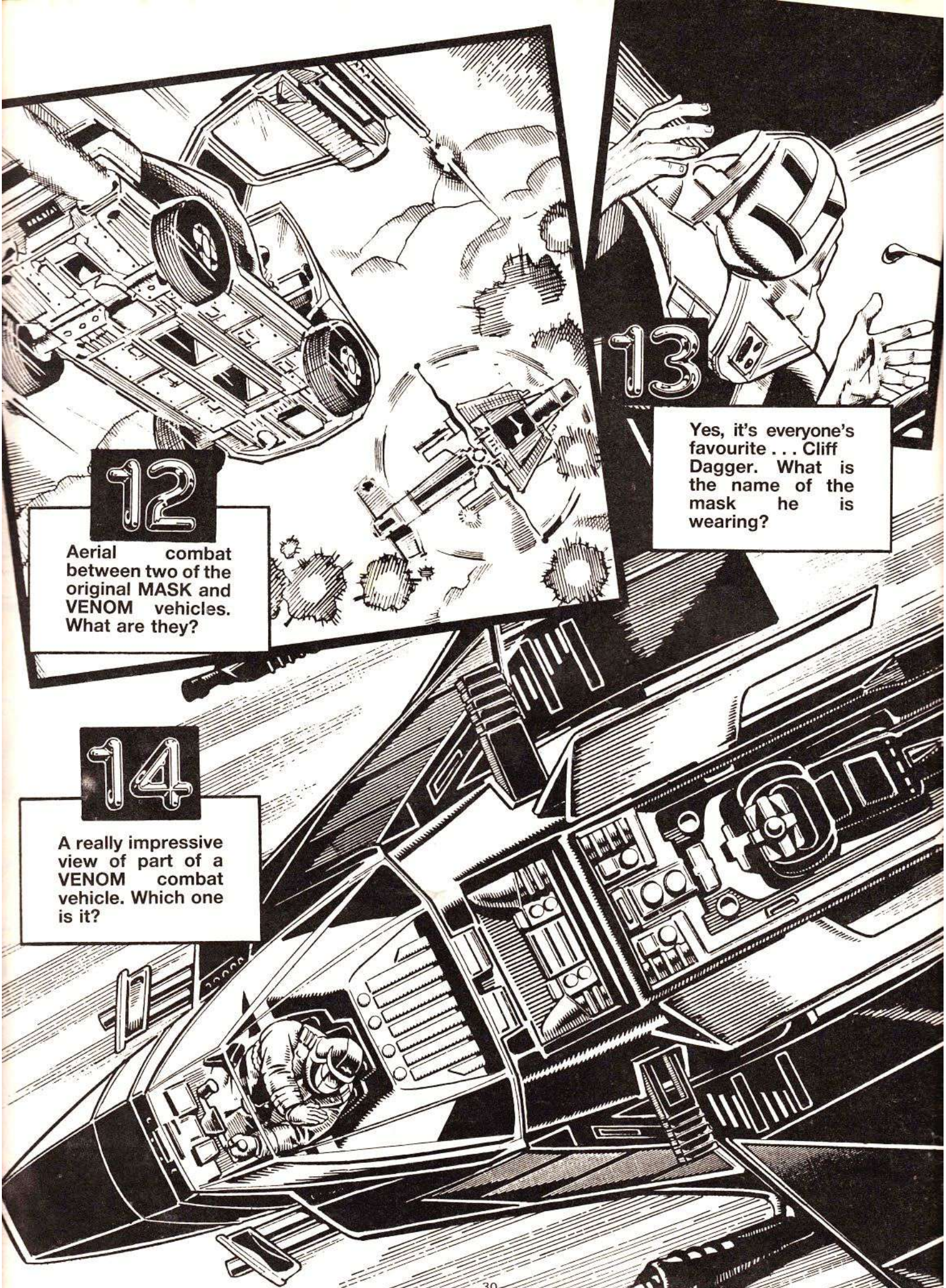
There's no mistaking T-Bob! But do you know what T-Bob is short for?

3

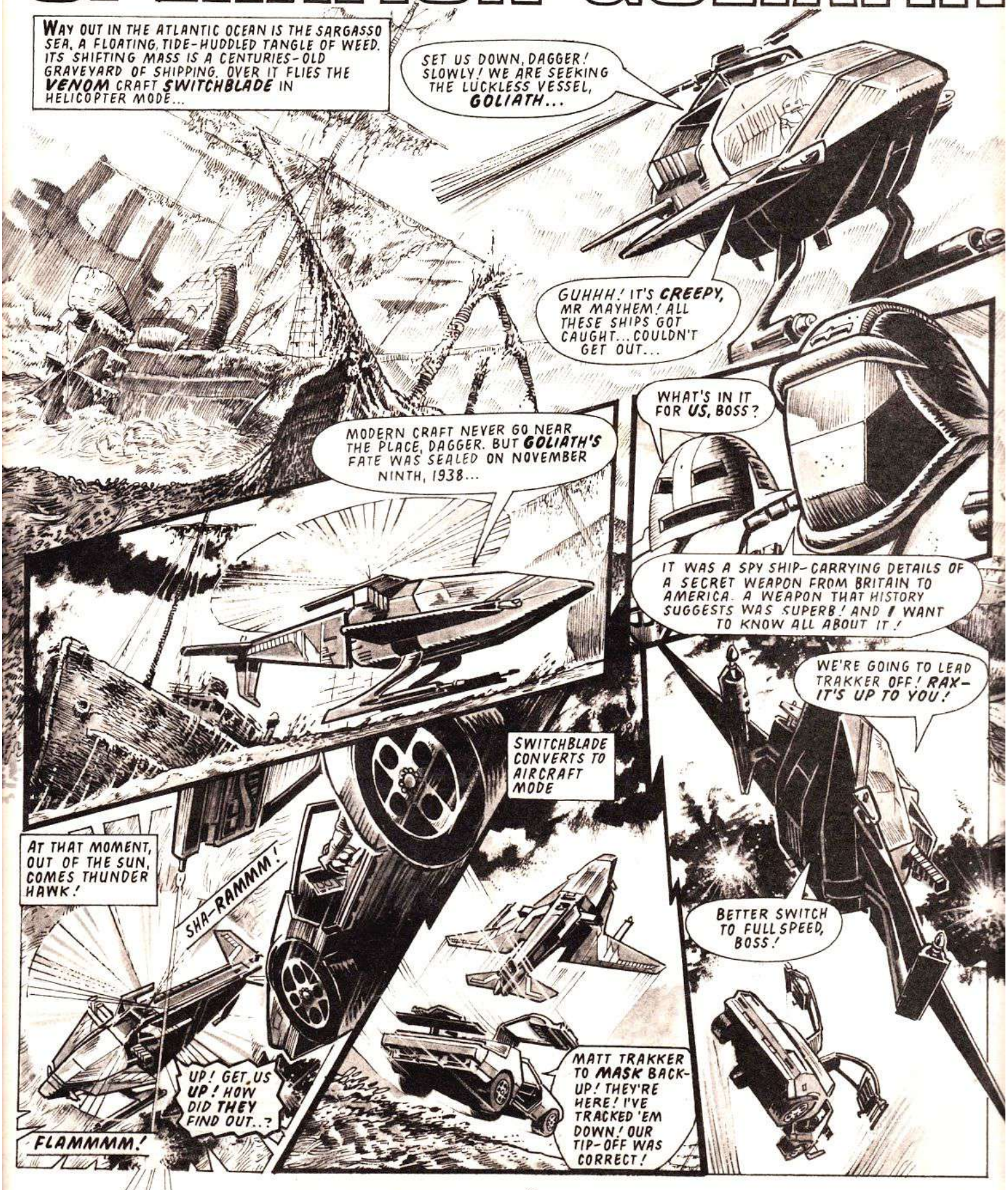
A MASK character looks ready for action. He's the pilot of Firefly. Who is he?

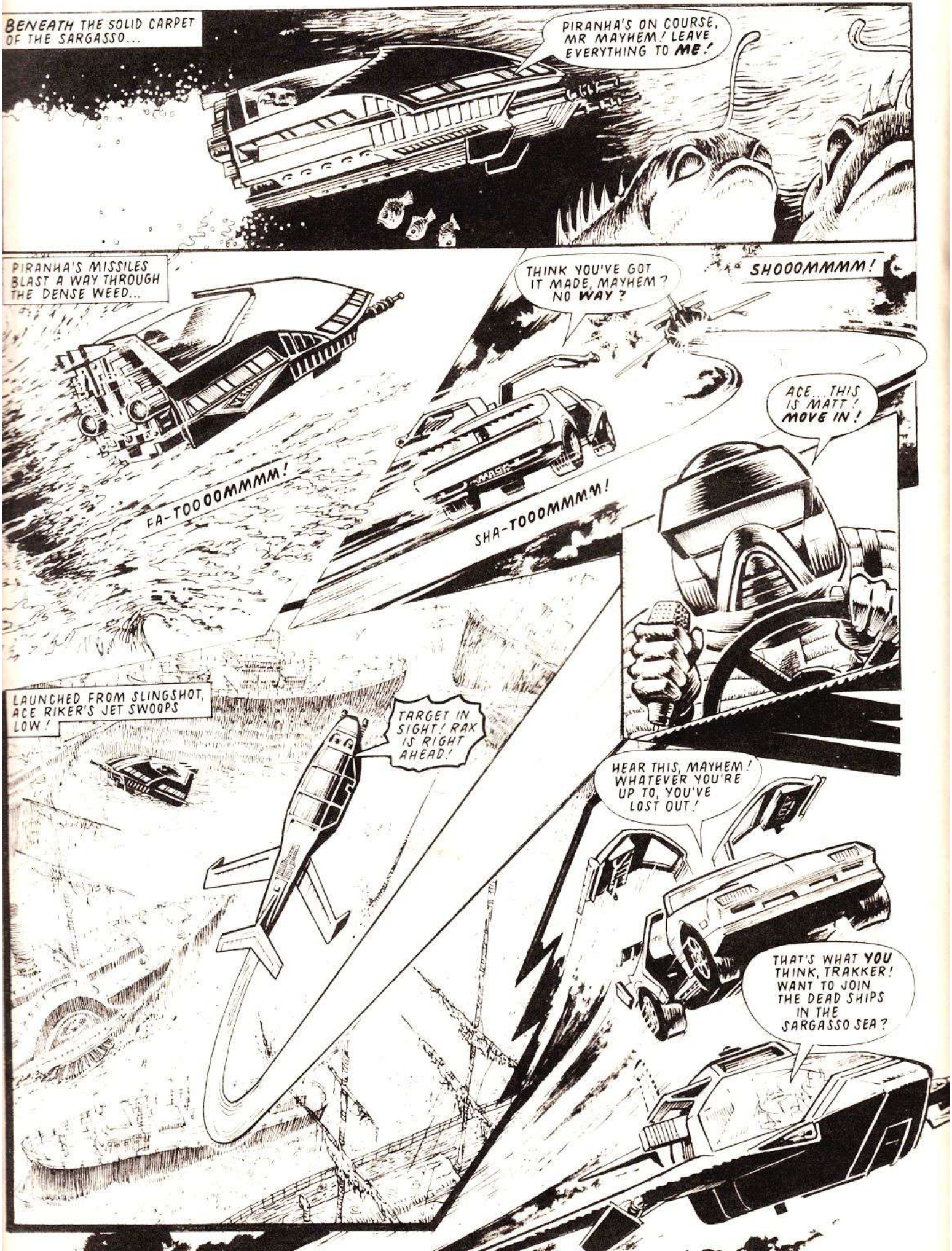
4
A big smile from a very popular MASK personality. Name him.
5
A dramatic view of two MASK heroes. They're both masked ... but you should have no problems identifying them.
6
A VENOM vehicle soars into the sky. Can you recognise it from this unusual angle?
7
What a bunch of villains! It's no surprise they work for VENOM. Name them.
VENOM

8
Here's another obvious villain. Can you identify him? The hair-style is a clue.
9
Five men of MASK. We'll just tell you that second from the right is Dusty Hayes. Who are the others?
10
This time, it's a MASK vehicle on the move. Can you give its name?
11
A VENOM vehicle . . . one that really packs a punch. You just have to remember its name.


12
Aerial combat between two of the original MASK and VENOM vehicles. What are they?
13
Yes, it's everyone's favourite . . . Cliff Dagger. What is the name of the mask he is wearing?
14
A really impressive view of part of a VENOM combat vehicle. Which one is it?

OPERATION GOLIATH!


WAY OUT IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN IS THE SARGASSO SEA, A FLOATING, TIDE-HUDDLED TANGLE OF WEED. ITS SHIFTING MASS IS A CENTURIES-OLD GRAVEYARD OF SHIPPING. OVER IT FLIES THE VENOM CRAFT SWITCHBLADE IN HELICOPTER MODE...
SET US DOWN, DAGGER! SLOWLY! WE ARE SEEKING THE LUCKLESS VESSEL, GOLIATH...
GUHHH! IT'S CREEPY, MR MAYHEM! ALL THESE SHIPS GOT CAUGHT... COULDN'T GET OUT...
WHAT'S IN IT FOR US, BOSS?
MODERN CRAFT NEVER GO NEAR THE PLACE, DAGGER. BUT GOLIATH'S FATE WAS SEALED ON NOVEMBER NINTH, 1938...
IT WAS A SPY SHIP- CARRYING DETAILS OF A SECRET WEAPON FROM BRITAIN TO AMERICA. A WEAPON THAT HISTORY SUGGESTS WAS SUPERB! AND I WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT!
WE'RE GOING TO LEAD TRAKKER OFF! RAX- IT'S UP TO YOU!
SWITCHBLADE CONVERTS TO AIRCRAFT MODE
AT THAT MOMENT, OUT OF THE SUN, COMES THUNDER HAWK!
SHA-RAMMM!
BETTER SWITCH TO FULL SPEED, BOSS!
UP! GET US UP! HOW DID THEY FIND OUT..?
FLAMMMM!
MATT TRAKKER TO MASK BACK-UP! THEY'RE HERE! I'VE TRACKED 'EM DOWN! OUR TIP-OFF WAS CORRECT!


BENEATH THE SOLID CARPET OF THE SARGASSO...
PIRANHA'S ON COURSE, MR MAYHEM! LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!
PIRANHA'S MISSILES BLAST A WAY THROUGH THE DENSE WEED...
FA-TOOOOMMMM!
THINK YOU'VE GOT IT MADE, MAYHEM? NO WAY?
SHA-TOOOMMMM!
SHOOOMMMM!
ACE... THIS IS MATT! MOVE IN!
LAUNCHED FROM SLINGSHOT, ACE RIKER'S JET SWOOPS LOW!
TARGET IN SIGHT! RAX IS RIGHT AHEAD!
HEAR THIS, MAYHEM! WHATEVER YOU'RE UP TO, YOU'VE LOST OUT!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, TRAKKER! WANT TO JOIN THE DEAD SHIPS IN THE SARGASSO SEA?

RELEASE THE DISORIENTATION BOMB, DAGGER!
YURR, HURR! RIGHT AWAY, BOSS!
BUT, NEXT INSTANT...
WHAT DID YOU DO..? NOTHING HAPPENED!
UHHH—I PRESSED THE WRONG BUTTON...
MATT GETS THEM IN HIS SIGHTS...
KA-RAMMMM!
YAAARGH! WE'RE HIT!
ACE..? SWITCHBLADE'S HAD IT! HOW ARE YOU DOING..?
GOLIATH
RIGHT ON SLY RAX'S TAIL, MATT! HE'S MAKING FOR AN OLD SHIP CALLED THE GOLIATH...
THE GOLIATH? NOW I KNOW WHAT MAYHEM WAS AFTER!

COME ON THEN, RIKER! I SAY MY STILETTO MASK BEATS YOUR RICOCHET ANY DAY!
I'D LIKE TO PROVE YOU WRONG, RAX— BUT I JUST GOT A RE-CALL...
BUT BEFORE I GO...
SHA-LAMMMM!
YARRRRGH!
UP, ACE! ALEX SECTOR WILL SEE TO THE RECOVERY OF YOUR PLANE!
WITH YOU, MATT!
WHY THE SHUT-DOWN? YOU'RE GONNA GIVE MAYHEM WHAT HE WANTS?
SURE! HE'S AFTER A SECRET WEAPON THEY HAD AT THE START OF WORLD WAR TWO.
AND..?
ALEX HAS JUST TOLD ME WHAT IT WAS! IT WAS A FOG-MAKING MACHINE... AND IT NEVER EVEN WORKED!
AS THE SUN SETS OVER THE SARGASSO SEA...
BOSS, I'M GETTING A HORRIBLE SINKING FEELING...
YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY, RAX?
ER... HELP!
END.

ILLUSION...

IGUANA is VENOM's 4 wheel All-Terrain Vehicle – whioh quickly converts to...

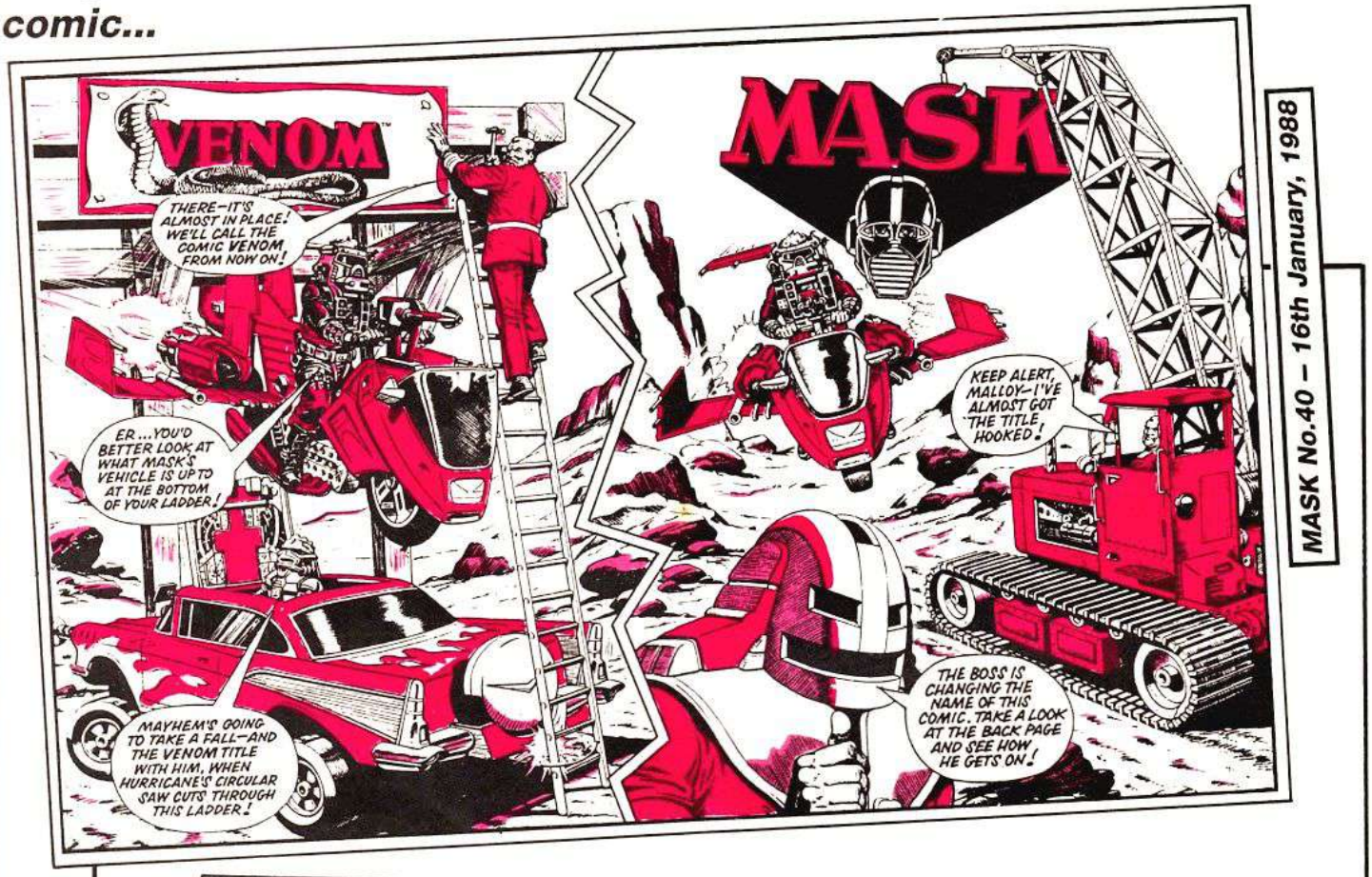
IGUANA

...A mobile shredder with pop-up figure, deflector shield and a manually operated arsenal – including rear slither slicer and sludge cannons that suck up mud to fling at un-suspecting MASK vehicles. Two rapid fire bazookas also protect IGUANA from MASK attacks. IGUANA is driven by LESTER SLUDGE, with MUD-SLINGER Mask that spits mud at attacking vehicles!

...REALITY

GREAT MASK

MASK's famous wrap-around covers are really popular with readers everywhere. Here are three of the best from past issues of MASK comic...


VENOM
MASK
THERE—IT'S ALMOST IN PLACE! WE'LL CALL THE COMIC VENOM FROM NOW ON!
ER...YOU'D BETTER LOOK AT WHAT MASK'S VEHICLE IS UP TO AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR LADDER!
MAYHEM'S GOING TO TAKE A FALL—AND THE VENOM TITLE WITH HIM, WHEN HURRICANE'S CIRCULAR SAW CUTS THROUGH THIS LADDER!
KEEP ALERT, MALLOY—I'VE ALMOST GOT THE TITLE HOOKED!
THE BOSS IS CHANGING THE NAME OF THIS COMIC. TAKE A LOOK AT THE BACK PAGE AND SEE HOW HE GETS ON!

MASK No.40 – 16th January, 1988

MASK
CARRY ON SKATING, MATT—GATOR'S WATER FREEZING CANNON WILL PUT DAGGER'S PLANS ON ICE!
AND THOSE VENOM CREEPS TOO, DUSTY, BY THE LOOK OF IT!
DUH...WISH I COULD MOVE MY HANDS TO GET THIS ICICLE OFF MY NOSE!
GAH! WHY DID I OPEN MY BIG MOUTH! BRRRRR!
MY TORCH MASK WILL SOON HAVE THOSE MASK CREEPS SWIMMING INSTEAD OF SKATING!
I'M BEGINNING TO WARM TO YOU, DAGGER!

MASK No.45 – 20th February, 1988

COVERS

MASK No.20 –
18th July–31st July, 1987

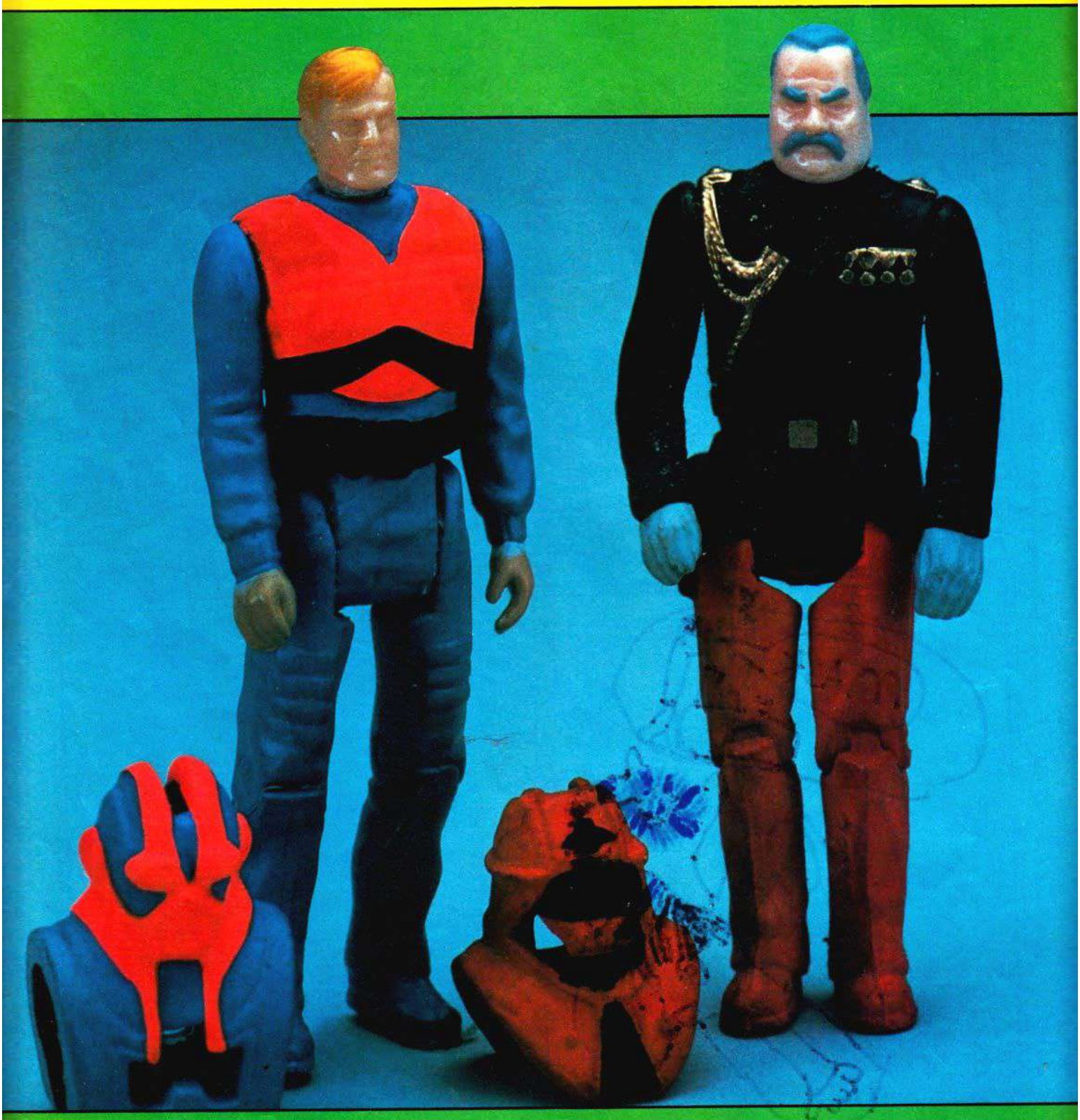
MASK™
VENOM INVASION!
MATT, THOSE VENOM RATS HAVE INVADED THE FRONT COVER!
...AND THEY'RE ATTACKING IN FORCE, IN THE ENERGY CRISIS STORY! GET AIRBORNE, JULIO - LET'S DEAL WITH THEM!
VENOM

Now use this space to design your own MASK comic cover...

MASK

NEWS

Here is a super picture of The Leaders – MATT TRAKKER of MASK and his arch enemy MILES MAYHEM of VENOM. But what are they wearing? The prototypes of some new uniforms and masks, perhaps?



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ALL THE ANSWERS!

MASKWORDS WORDSEARCH – PAGE 10

S	W	I	T	C	H	B	L	A	D	E	X	W
L	A	T	O	R	M	S	V	R	O	W	K	J
Y	P	U	U	P	A	O	U	Q	A	Y	L	R
N	G	M	B	V	S	K	R	Z	L	V	N	H
G	A	U	J	C	K	B	K	M	C	T	E	I
S	N	W	A	A	B	C	N	E	C	S	K	N
H	X	Z	C	N	G	D	T	O	R	G	H	O
O	P	Y	K	T	A	X	N	E	F	J	U	N
T	O	E	R	N	T	D	H	R	I	V	R	A
A	Y	Z	A	X	O	A	E	F	V	E	R	C
S	Q	D	B	R	R	G	G	I	P	N	I	L
L	Z	K	B	J	N	G	P	G	H	O	C	O
M	A	I	I	R	E	R	I	P	M	A	V	
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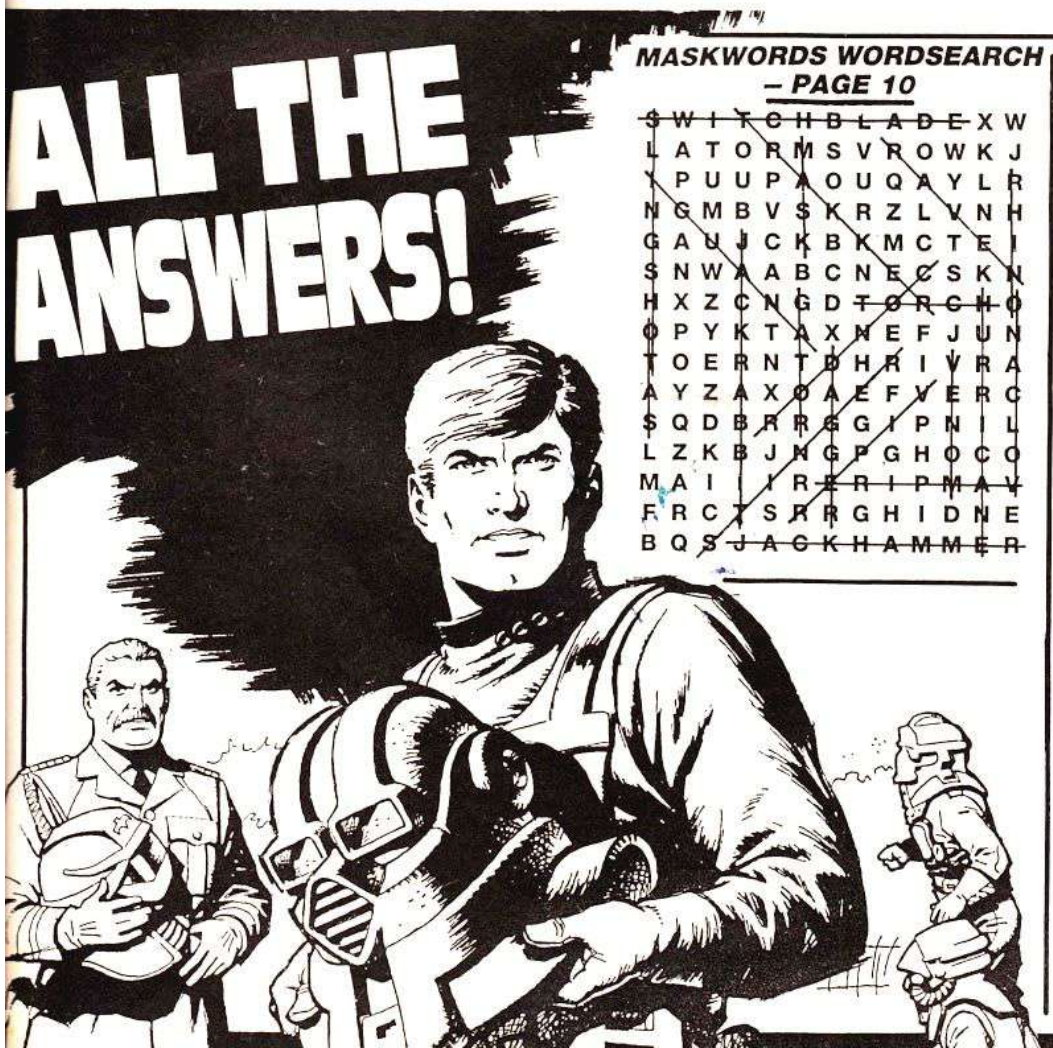
B	Q	S	J	A	G	K	H	A	M	M	E	R



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE – PAGES 21-22

1. Ventilation hole missing on Condor's skid cannon. 2. Shape of mountain to right of Condor. 3. Thunder Hawk's air intake has been shortened. 4. Fin missing from Switchblade's left Stinger Rocket. 5. Extra cannon on Jackhammer's turret 6. Left exhaust missing from ATV. 7. Gator's rollbar cannon has been shortened. 8. MASK emblem missing from side of Gator's hydroplane. 9. Middle radiator bar missing from Rhino. 10. Stripe missing from side of Rhino's bonnet.

MASK QUIZ – PAGES 27-30

1. Alex Sector; 2. Thingamabob; 3. Julio Lopez; 4. Bruce Sato; 5. Matt Trakker and Bruce Sato; 6. Vampire; 7. Sly Rax, Miles Mayhem, Cliff Dagger; 8. Floyd Malloy; 9. Matt Trakker, Bruce Sato, Hondo Maclean, Alex Sector; 10. Volcano; 11. Stinger; 12. Thunder Hawk and Switchblade; 13. Torch; 14. It's an overhead view of Switchblade!

GOLD GRAB!
THE COLD, FROZEN WASTES OF NORTHERN NORWAY AREN'T THE BEST PLACE IN THE WORLD TO MAKE A FORCED LANDING. UNFORTUNATELY, THE CREW OF A PRIVATE 'PLANE, FLYING FROM EUROPE TO AMERICA, HAVE NO CHOICE FOLLOWING A DOUBLE ENGINE FAILURE...
MAYDAY! MAYDAY! THIS IS FLIGHT ONE TWO-FIVE! WE ARE CRASHING AT POSITION... AAARGGH!
SIX HOURS LATER, THE SINISTER SHAPES OF VENOM COMBAT VEHICLES REACH THE WRECK OF THE AIRCRAFT...
HEEE-HEEEEE! HOW EXCELLENT! WE ARE FIRST ON THE SCENE AND THAT MEANS THE CARGO OF GOLD COINS IS OURS!
TOO RIGHT, BOSS! SABOTAGING THAT KITE'S ENGINES AND PLANTING A TRACKING DEVICE ON IT, WERE BRILLIANT IDEAS ON YOUR PART!
OF COURSE, RAX! NOW HURRY AND COLLECT THE COINS... THOSE FOOLS FROM MASK ARE PROBABLY CLOSE BEHIND US!
THAT'S VERY TRUE, MAYHEM...
...WE CAN'T GET MUCH CLOSER THAN THIS!
GAAAAAH! IT'S TRAKKER AND THE ACCURSED THUNDER HAWK!
CONDOR AND GATOR ARE HERE AS WELL! VENOM ARE UNDER ATTACK FROM ALL SIDES!
MINDLESS MORONS! USE YOUR MASKS! DESTROY THEM BEFORE THEY CAN OPEN FIRE!
WOOOOSSSSH!
IT'S NO GOOD! THEY'RE KEEPING OUT OF RANGE!
YOU BLITHERING IDIOT, RAX! I WANT TO SEE THE ENEMY DEFEATED... NOT HEAR MISERABLE EXCUSES!

KAAA-BAAAAM!
DEAL WITH THEM YOURSELF THEN, MILES! I'M NOT GETTING BLOWN TO BITS!
EEEEEK! I'LL SECOND THAT, BOSS!
WATCH IT, MATT! MAYHEM'S MAKING A BREAK FOR IT!
PAH! THOSE PATHETIC OAFS COULDN'T FIGHT THEIR WAY OUT OF A RICE PUDDING! I'LL SUPPLY HELP BY TAKING OFF AGAIN IN SWITCHBLADE!
I SEE HIM, BRAD...
...BUT HE WON'T ESCAPE! AN ULTRA-HEAT BOMB WILL STOP THE EVIL SNAKE!
OH, NOOOOOOO!
YAAAAGGGGG!
PAAA-DOOOOOM!
ON TARGET! THAT SHOULD KNOCK THE FIGHT OUT OF HIM!
GNNUUURRRFFF!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THE LUCKY CREEP HAS LANDED IN SWITCHBLADE'S COCKPIT!
KEEER-TUNNNK!
HAAAR-HAAAAR! YOU STUPID SLOB, TRAKKER! PREPARE TO BE EXTERMINATED!
MAYHEM'S CONVERTING HIS CRAFT TO JET FLIGHT MODE! I'VE GOT TO PREVENT HIM GETTING AIRBORNE!
FZZZAAAM!
FZZZAAAM!
A FRACTION OF A SECOND TOO LATE, MASK OAF! WHAT A PITY... NOW YOU AND THE REST OF YOUR FRIENDS ARE GOING TO SUFFER!

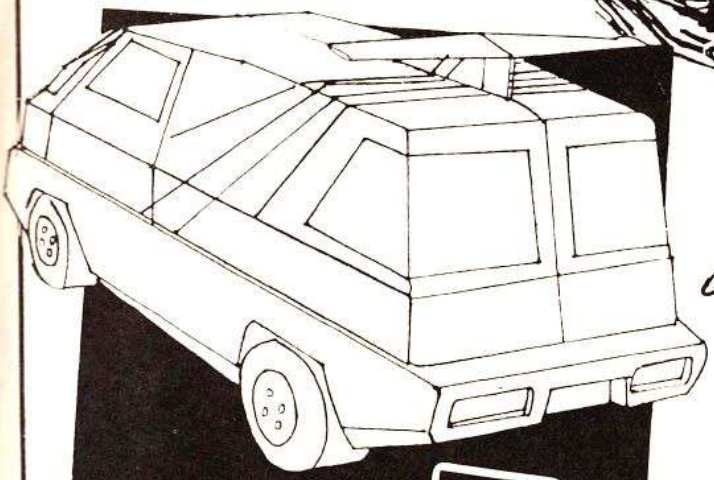
DIE, FOUL ENEMIES OF VENOM!
FWIIISSSSH!
FWIIISSSH!
BLAMMM!
BLAMMM!
STINGER MISSILES... AAAGGGHH!
HEH! HEH! HEH! HAVE SOME HOT LEAD, TRAKKER!
KATAKATAKATAKAT!
THUNDER HAWK'S HIT! MAYHEM'S BEING FAR TOO ACCURATE TODAY, BOYS... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
FLEE IN TERROR, MASK COWARDS! VICTORY IS MINE... AND SO ARE THE GOLD COINS!
WELL DONE, BOSS! AT LAST THOSE CREEPS HAVE GOT THE BEATING THEY DESERVE!
WITH NO OPPOSITION TO STOP THEM, VENOM QUICKLY TRANSPORT THE PRECIOUS MONEY BACK TO THEIR HEADQUARTERS...
SURE THING, BOSS!
WHAT WARM BLISS AFTER THAT TERRIBLY COLD COUNTRY! BRING ONE OF THOSE SACKS OVER HERE, DAGGER... I WANT TO BE SHOWERED IN THAT LOVELY YELLOW METAL!
DUUUH... WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY HAPPENED HERE...
SILENCE, IMBECILE! STOP WASTING TIME AND CARRY OUT MY ORDERS- AT ONCE!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, BOSS!
YUUUUGGG!
HUH? THE ...THE COINS ARE MADE OF CHOCOLATE AND... AND THEY'VE ALL MELTED! MASK MUST HAVE REACHED THE 'PLANE FIRST AND TAKEN AWAY THE REAL ONES! PRETENDING TO FLEE IN PANIC WAS ALL A TRICK!
GRAAAAHHHH! CURSE MASK! THEY'VE MADE VENOM LOOK A LAUGHING STOCK ONCE AGAIN!... I HATE THEMMMM!
YUMMY! WHAT A FEAST WE'RE GOING TO HAVE!
NOT NOW, IDIOT... I DON'T THINK THE BOSS IS IN THE RIGHT MOOD FOR EATING CHOCOLATE!
End

ALL MASK COMICS
SOLD OUT!
HEE, HEEEEH! I'VE ORDERED VENOM AGENTS TO BUY-UP ALL COPIES OF MASK COMIC. THEN YOU WON'T SEE HOW I GET BEATEN!
"DON'T LET MAYHEM RUIN THINGS!"
THERE'S ONE SURE WAY TO BEAT MAYHEM! WITH YOUR PARENT'S OR GUARDIAN'S PERMISSION, HAVE MASK DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME WITH THE MORNING PAPERS! HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT!
To my newsagent:
Please deliver a copy of **MASK** to my home each week.
Name
Address
Signature of parent or guardian:

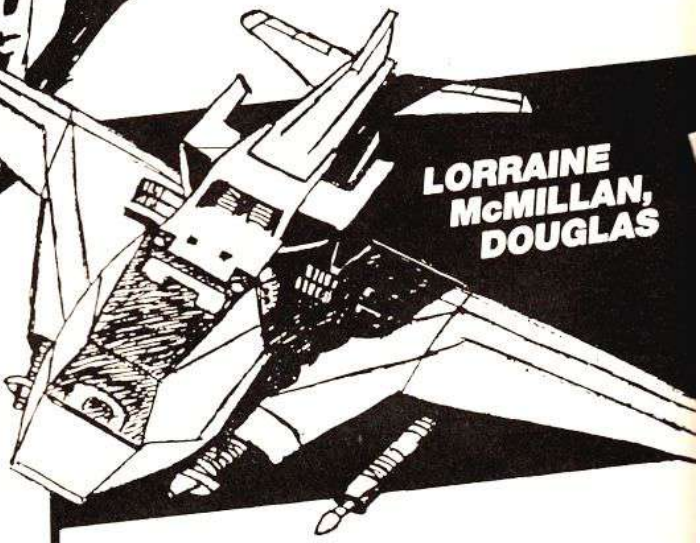
MASK Art

What a talented lot **MASK** fans are. Just look at these brilliant drawings sent in by readers. **YOU** can win **£5** by sending your drawings to: MASK, FLEETWAY PUBLICATIONS, IRWIN HOUSE, 118 SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON SE1 0SW.

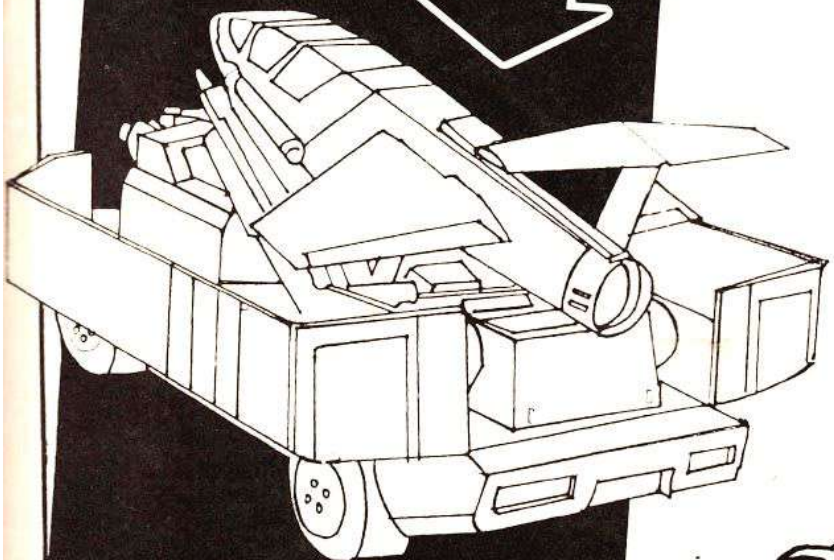
LEE WALSH, GREAT HARWOOD



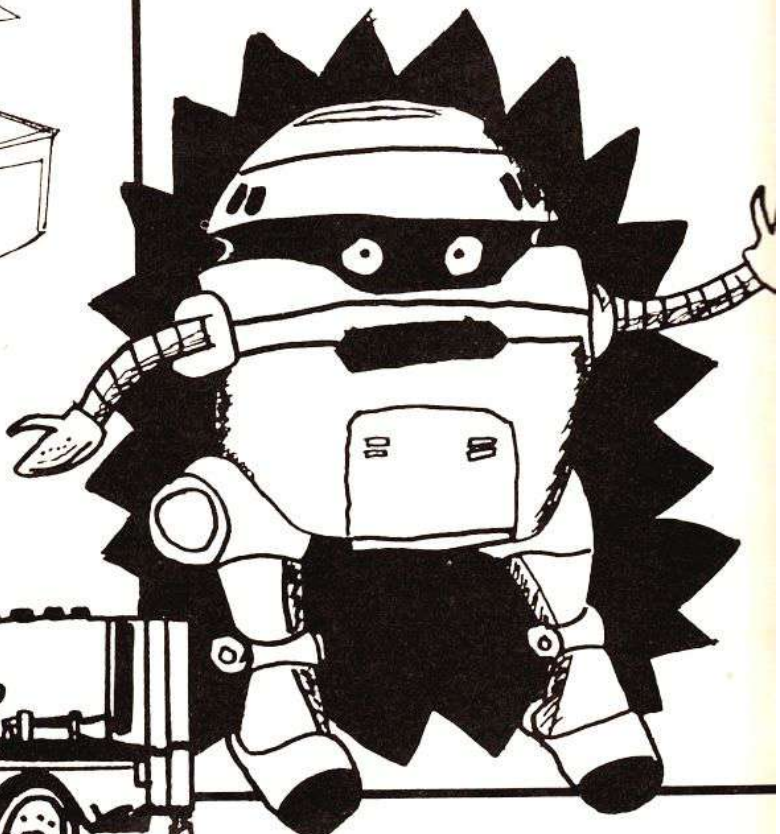
JASON GRAY, ABERDEEN



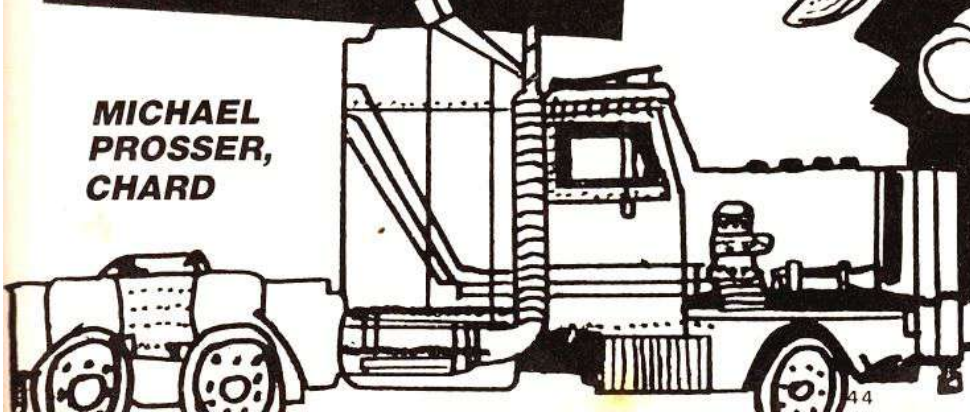
LORRAINE McMILLAN, DOUGLAS



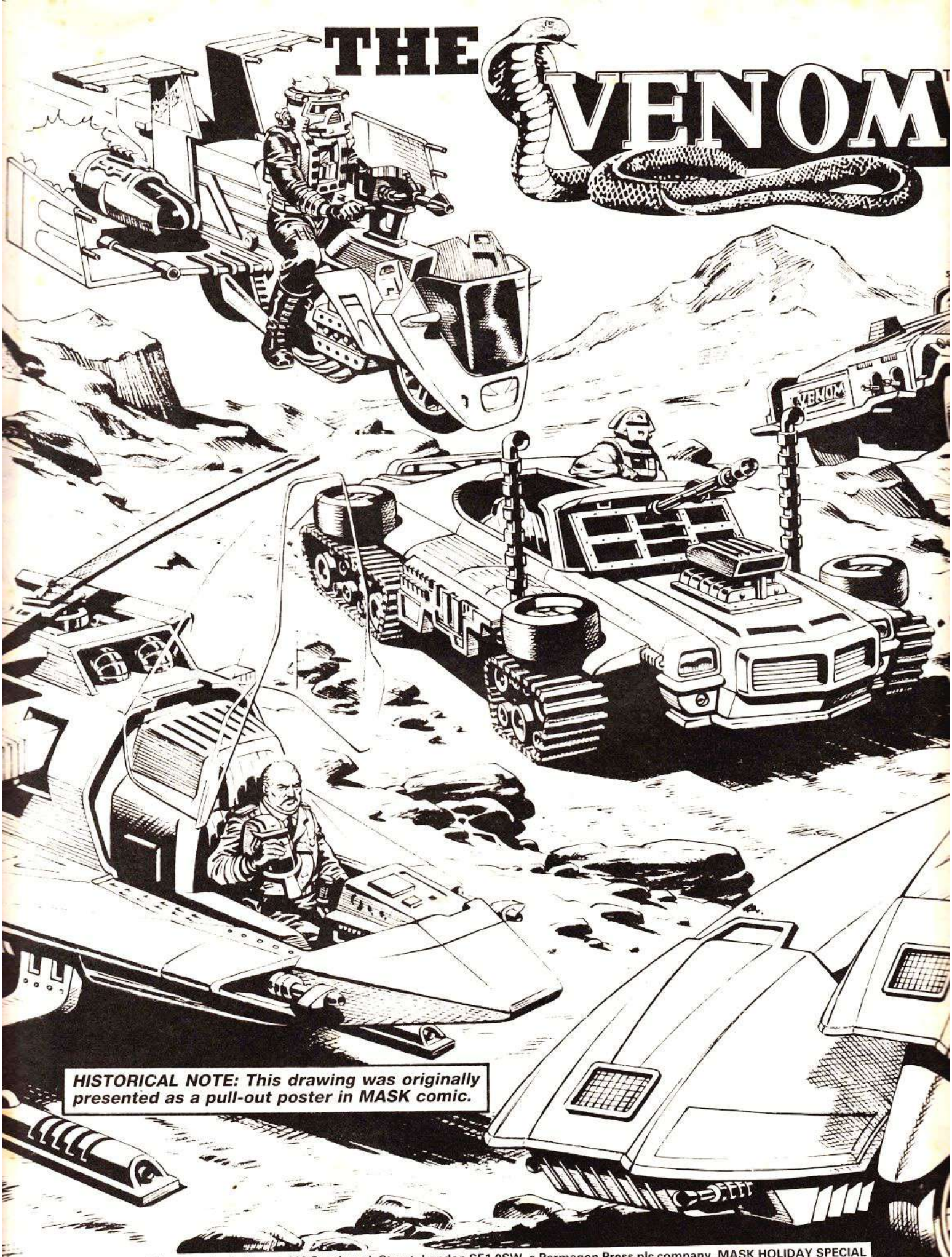
MARK AUSTIN, CHESTER



MICHAEL PROSSER, CHARD



MATTHEW GRAINGER, KNOTTINGLEY
PAUL HAMILTON, INVERNESS
ANDRÉ LOUKES, CLEETHORPES
ADMIRE THE POWER OF VENOM CREEPS!
SINGER
STEPHEN SQUIRRELL, WHITBY
BARRY LAWLESS, DUBLIN
DARREN BLAKE, BATH
CHRISTOPHER ARAM, NOTTINGHAM



HISTORICAL NOTE: This drawing was originally presented as a pull-out poster in MASK comic.

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TEAM
NOW HEAR THIS! WE MAY HAVE LOST OUT TO TRAKKER AND HIS MEN THROUGHOUT THIS HOLIDAY SPECIAL. BUT WE WON'T GIVE UP... THE VENOM TEAM—INSPIRED BY THE GENIUS OF MILES MAYHEM— WILL CONTINUE TO DO BATTLE WITH THOSE MASK MORONS EVERY WEEK IN MASK COMIC. DON'T MISS IT—WE MIGHT WIN ONE DAY!

MASK